New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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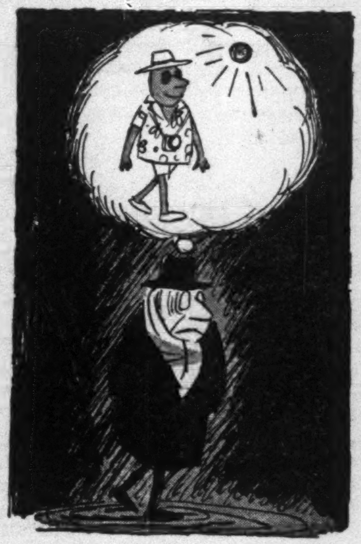

HOLIDAY TRAVEL
Kingsley Martin
James Cameron
Norman MacKenzie
Anthony Carson

★

CRISIS IN
CENTRAL AMERICA
Paul Johnson

★

Sir John Summerson
on Pevsner's Progress

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
The Congo of the Mind

★

Edward Clarke QC
Murder of the Innocent?

The Rat Race Begins at Seven

OUR ruling classes have never placed undue emphasis on learning. The present Queen, we are told by her official biographer, showed not the slightest aptitude for mathematics – and this, he adds, in no way perturbed her mother. What the propertied and professional classes demand from their schools is the ability to reproduce, in their offspring, congenial habits, adherence to national standards of morality and a minimum degree of literacy. To them, class status is a form of property, which is bequeathed through the mechanism of the education system.

To be sure, these classes have never sought to be wholly exclusive. The individual climber from the depths is accepted and even welcomed. Just as every colonial government will cheerfully find a post for the occasional well-behaved African, there will always be places, in the higher echelons of British society, for the Successful Working Man. If he acts the part, so much the better: by drawing attention to his strivings he confirms the value of the reward.

What is not tolerated, however, is a mass influx. This would not only fatally weaken the cordial but might ultimately replace it by something socially alien. And it was precisely an invasion of this magnitude which the post-war educational reforms threatened to produce. For the first time, under the 11-plus, children were to be graded not by wealth, status or even knowledge, but by brains. This was a challenge to the social structure far more radical than public ownership: it threatened to stamp out the class microbe in its breeding grounds.

The rich have successfully evaded the conflict. Thanks to ingenious insurance schemes, educational tax reliefs and capital gains, they have kept the public school system not only afloat but positively buoyant, and so insulated their class from the ravages of schoolroom democracy. The real battle has been fought much lower down the social pyramid, above all in that treacherous no-man's-land where the marginal middle class meets the prosperous proletarian. To the first of these groups, income is no longer an effective barrier against social encroachment. The only sure way they can maintain their child's status is to get him to a Grammar school, where he will learn the 'right subjects' and acquire the forms of speech and behaviour which will be his social passport. And this means getting him through the 11-plus at any cost.

The alarming consequences of this struggle were illustrated recently on the BBC's programme *Panorama* – and underlined in an article by a psychologist in this week's *Medical Press*. Under the shadow of the 11-plus, private 'crammers' are flourishing. Urged by class-obsessed parents, and with the pathetic co-operation of the children themselves, fee-charging schools are now reintroducing methods which run counter to all modern principles, and which are expressly designed to subvert the 11-plus system. Middle-class children are being gouged into Grammar schools which are not designed for their natural aptitudes, thus depriving others of their rightful places. A harsh spirit of cut-throat competition, totally alien to true education, is introduced at the earliest age, and its fears and bitterness are inevitably reflected in the lives of the parents. Today, the rat race begins at seven.

All this reinforces Labour's contention that the 11-plus, at any rate in its present form, has failed and should be abolished. It strengthens the view that the comprehensive system – avoiding separate schools, which have become the battleground for a new type of class-warfare – should become the pattern of the future. But it also proves that education cannot be placed in a watertight political compartment. A system based on selection by aptitude will always be perverted so long as class divisions based on property are maintained. Equality of opportunity cannot be created by statute: democracy in education is not an easy short-cut to Socialism. First there are inescapable structural changes to be made in the adult world of today.

Comments on the Week's News

The Economy

Back to Sacrifices

The Chancellor may have some idea what the forthcoming Budget is supposed to do, but the public can be forgiven if it is confused. Told by Mr Macmillan that things are still pretty good, it learns next day from Mr Selwyn Lloyd that it must 'be ready to make sacrifices'; while men are still being laid off in the motor-car and related industries, Mr Lloyd is sounding an alarm about inflation. And, in the background, there is a rising murmur of Tory voices calling for cuts in income-tax, economies in the social services and stiffer indirect taxation. Some uncertainty is understandable. Until it is clear what Mr Kennedy plans to do to get the US economy 'moving ahead' again, and what impact his policy will have on world money markets and trade, a British government is bound to be a little unsure what to do for the best. But the problems now facing the Chancellor are only marginally due to the US.

There is, first, the serious increase in the trade gap, up by £344 million over 1959, despite the decline in the import bill. And the drop in imports was achieved in the last two months of the year because the slump in the car trade reduced demand for imported steel, and to a lesser extent because the boom in the whole economy was coming to an end. At this point Mr Lloyd confronts the dilemma that pump-priming at home – say, by cheaper money and cuts in purchase-tax to help the car industry – would mean a bigger import bill without ensuring any increases in exports to pay it. It is only in the fantasies of the car-makers that this is a remedy.

Secondly, the end of the boom means that the revenue has become less buoyant at a time when government expenditure continues to rise. The Chancellor therefore must look both for new sources of revenue and for economies in the estimates. Since Tory doctrine and the business lobby together insist that the need for 'incentives' demands easier rather than stiffer income-tax, Mr Lloyd will at least shy away from a higher standard rate: he is much more likely to offer increased allowances for earned income, for children, and possibly for houseowners. (If he were really concerned with personal incentives he might consider reforming the income and surtax scales to ensure a less jerky progression and ease the incidence of tax where a husband and wife are both earning.)

Yet this will not provide an answer to his complex equation. Mr Enoch Powell's schemes for higher health service charges, and other devices such as dearer school milk, seem sure to be called in aid. The budget for social services may not actually be cut, but some such measures will be needed to stop the bill going up. There is, finally, the rumour of a sales tax, which, if it involved the end of purchase-tax, would have to be (Mr Harold Wilson has calculated) of the order of 20 per cent on all retail transactions apart from the sale of food. Not even a token capital-gains tax, designed to prove that even the City was bearing its share of the burden, would sweeten that pill to the public. Moreover, tax policy must serve a social objective, helping those in most need, at the same time as it achieves the economic purposes of controlling consumption and providing revenue. Purchase tax, whatever its weaknesses, is incomparably better than a uniform sales tax, not least because it can damp down demand for luxuries without affecting basic living standards.

Timothy Evans

The Case for a Pardon

On Page 102 of this issue we publish a review by Mr Edward Clarke QC of Ludovic Kennedy's book on the Timothy Evans case. Mr Clarke's repute at the bar, and his great experience of the working realities of the criminal law, ensure that the legal profession itself will attach particular weight to his findings. Naturally for one who is professionally obliged to sift evidence with scepticism and analytical care, his words are measured and cautious. Nevertheless, their content is explosive. Mr Clarke points out justly that you can't prove a negative – especially, one might add, when time and the gallows have destroyed most of the evidence; and therefore, he implies, Mr Kennedy does not succeed in *proving* Evans's innocence. Nevertheless, 'his evidence is very strong and his arguments persuasive', while the bare facts of the case demonstrate 'how a miscarriage of justice was inevitable'. Mr Clarke's central conclusions, after weighing 'all the relevant facts', which are now for the first time produced in a single book, are four and they may be stated as follows: (1) The circumstances in which Evans made his confession to the police were 'disquieting'. (2) The police and the prosecution 'ignored' (suppressed?) certain facts, and the defence was hampered by not knowing the existence of important evidence 'which would undoubtedly have helped'. (3) The Scott-Henderson inquiry was 'quite inadequate in the circumstances of the case'. (4) 'It is obvious that Evans would have been acquitted if the jury had known Christie's true character.'

In our view the evidence now available makes it highly improbable that Evans killed his child and almost incredible that he killed his wife. But we agree that ultimate proof has not been, and cannot be, provided. What one can say on Mr Clarke's findings is that Evans was wrongly and unjustly hanged; that whatever his character may have been, a terrible miscarriage of justice occurred, which would now by general consent be redressed, had it not been put beyond redress by the gallows. It seems to us that there is little purpose in asking, as Mr Kennedy does, for a further Home Office inquiry. All the evidence which can ever be known is now known; and it makes an unanswerable case for a posthumous pardon for Evans and proper burial for his remains. The decision lies squarely on the Home Secretary, who so far can claim a particularly liberal distinction in his office. Mr Butler can scarcely deny the logical force of the case for a pardon. It is to be hoped that political fear of the hanging lobby (who have the most powerful interest in maintaining Evans's guilt) will not lead him to connive at an injustice which was no doubt committed in blindness, but can now be maintained only of intent.

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Congo

The Weakening of the Triumvirate

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The sinister transfer of Mr Lumumba to Elisabethville in Katanga province seems to hint at the declining power of the ruling Congo triumvirate of President Kasavubu, Colonel Mobutu, and Mr Tshombe. Whether Kasavubu and Mobutu feared that the mutinies amongst their troops would lead to an attempt to release Lumumba, or whether Tshombe needs him in Elisabethville as a hostage against the pro-Lumumba revolt in northern Katanga (or whether both explanations are true), it is clear that the triumvirate is anxious about Lumumba's influence even from jail. It is equally clear that Lumumba has not been transferred without the knowledge of the Belgians who surround Tshombe. If, as seems probable, the western powers, along with Mr Hammarskjold, have now decided that a political solution to the Congo problem becomes possible only when Lumumba is released, they may find their intentions have been forestalled by the transfer to Elisabethville. It is certainly time that the West faced the issue with which the Belgians are confronting the UN. Last week, instead of supporting Mr Hammarskjold's strictures on the Belgians for allowing Mobutu's troops to pass through Ruanda-Urundi, the West chose to chase the Soviet hare in the Security Council – thereby tacitly endorsing the Belgian action. This attitude to the Belgians will increasingly hamper the West's own developing policy.

Inside the Congo itself, the signs are beginning to suggest that even the Americans are having second thoughts about their protégés: Mobutu's power is obviously on the wane. If this trend continues, it is bound to result in a weakening of Kasavubu's influence. Mobutu rose to power simply because he had found means to pay his soldiers; and this enabled him to control the strongest single army in the Congo. His troops were paid by the United Nations for one month only; since then he has had to rely on other sources, presumably American and Belgian. Now he seems to be short of money, and a number of his troops, lacking pay, have begun to revolt. Whether or not this reflects lessened American and Belgium confidence in Mobutu, the fact remains that as the mutinies spread, Mobutu is fast losing his only importance. And since Kasavubu has based much of his political influence on his understanding with Mobutu, his prestige too is waning. Again, although Mr Tshombe in Katanga is in a much stronger position, with his own army and with a large number of Belgian advisers, his link with Mobutu and Kasavubu means that, as their power declines, one of his flanks is opened up. The effect of this drift to general civil war seems to have convinced both Mr Hammarskjold and the western powers that it is essential once more to bring Mr Lumumba back into play. At the same time it is to be hoped that the 'Casablanca' African states will learn from what has happened and not encourage Lumumba, if he is released, to repeat his first mistake of trying to impose on Congo a rigid central government. Meanwhile Mr Hammarskjold is to be congratulated on re-asserting his authority by refusing Kasavubu's demand for the removal of Mr Dayal, head of the UN Commission. Mr Dayal cannot be justly blamed for the invasion of northern Katanga or for the absence of the established government which his force was sent to assist. If he has been urging the release of Lumumba, it is because he must realise, as this journal has often pointed out, that without Lumumba free, factionalism and civil war are bound to increase.

The immediate hope is that the various factions are becoming exhausted and will soon agree to sit round the same table. If all the UN's good work in famine relief, education and health is not to be totally destroyed, neither the UN itself nor the western powers can afford to ignore the challenge of the Belgian-Tshombe alliance. If, as seems certain, the release of Lumumba from their detention is essential to a round table conference, the firmest order must be given to Tshombe at once.

Laos

Why the Delay?

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* It is not secret that the hold-up in negotiations over Laos has been in Washington, where the outgoing administration was as anxious to build up Prince Boun Oum as India and the Communist powers were to support the neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, now in Cambodia. The British government has stood like an over-cautious umpire on the side-lines instead of acting decisively to secure the return of the International Control Commission.

Mr Nehru set the ball rolling on 18 December in his note to Mr Macmillan who, acting merely as a postman, passed it on to Russia, the co-chairman of the 1954 conference. The Soviet proposal that the Commission should be accredited to Prince Souvanna Phouma was no real excuse for the long-drawn out talks on the subject; there was no need for accreditation either to Prince Souvanna Phouma or Prince Boun Oum. The same dangerous leisure is reflected in the British response to the Cambodian proposal for a 14-power conference. This already has the blessing of Chen Yi, the Chinese foreign minister, Ho Chi Minh and Mr Krushchev.

The fact is, there is no good reason for delay in getting the diplomatic machinery working. The International Control Commission could start off at once for Vientiane. Their presence in the country would be the first step towards a cease-fire and the convening of the international conference. But the problem does not end there. Peace and security in South-East Asia depend on whether Laos and Cambodia are neutral countries; but there are at least some grounds for the view, put forward in Mr Krushchev's letter to Prince Souvanna Phouma this week, that the United States has not yet given up its hopes of turning Laos into a Seato base.

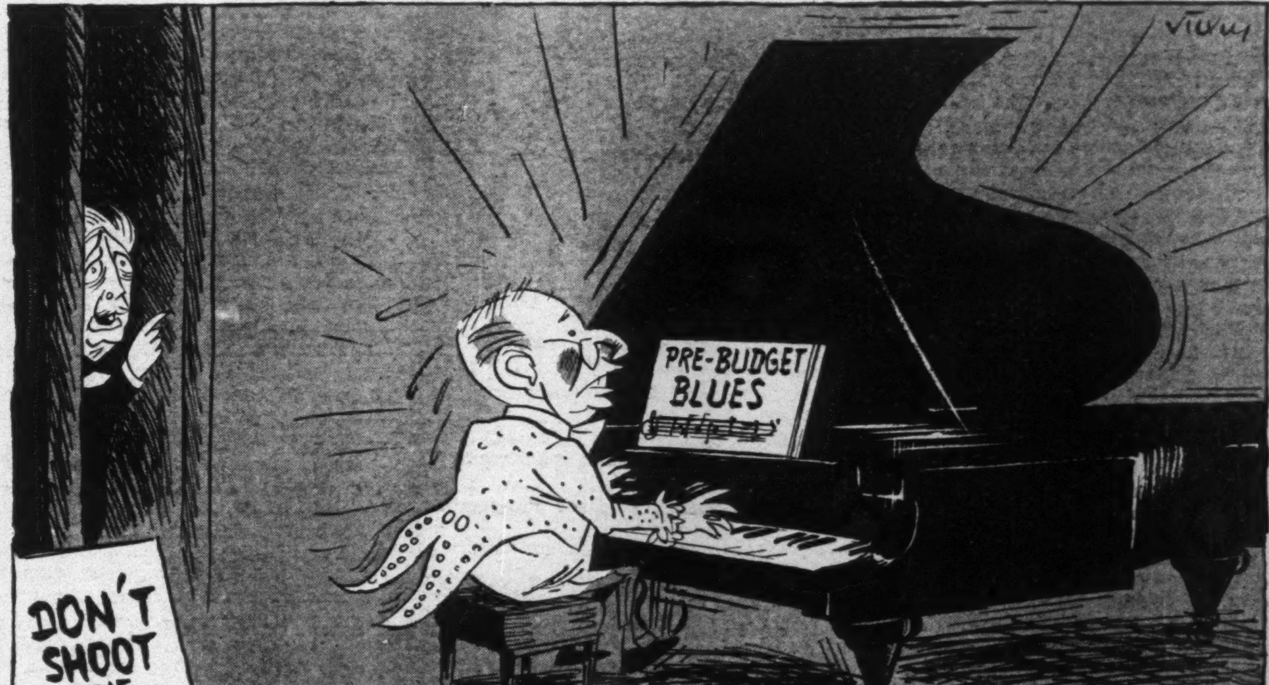
In the case of Cambodia, Prince Sihanouk has already seen the practical values of neutralism. His first deep sea port – Sihanoukville – was constructed by the French government and the road linking it to the capital, Phonm Penh, was built with American economic aid. Communist countries have also contributed; Czechoslovakia helped in the building of a thermo-electric station; the Soviet Union in a 500-bed hospital, and China in a sugar refinery, jute and paper mills and a rubber tyre factory. Further Chinese aid was envisaged in the economic agreement which Sihanouk signed in Peking last December, together with a treaty of friendship and non-aggression.

The idea of a neutral zone for Laos and Cambodia was first put forward by the Cambodian delegate to the UN General Assembly, and then repeated in Prince Sihanouk's letter to Mr Macmillan, who is apparently considering it. Sooner or later this is the real issue which the Geneva conference powers as well as America will have to face.

Football

The Unworkable System

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* So far, so good. The strike is off, and the players, the pools promoters and the public prepare for business as usual next Saturday afternoon. Whether Wednesday night's 'settlement' proves permanent remains to be seen. There can be no final solution of English professional footballers' present problems unless football's leaders change the method and manner in which they try to run the game. As things are, the professional player has three bosses – the Football Association, which keeps a general responsibility for all football in the country, the Football League, which specifically controls the four senior divisions of professional football, and the individual club



'Oh dear ! And he used to play so well on the silent *piano.'*

for which he plays. The club is his immediate boss. It pays his wages and, within limits, agrees with him what these wages will be; but these limits have hitherto been laid down by the second of his bosses, the Football League; while the third of his bosses, the Association, supervises the retain-and-transfer clause in his contract and can enforce discipline.

It sometimes happens that a player has a grievance which involves all three bosses, but finds himself shuffled from one to the other without being able to get all three together at the same time. It often happens that his grievance involves two bosses, neither of whom either will, or can, act without the approval of the other. The proposed new joint negotiating machinery which was embodied in this week's settlement will be an effective remedy for this only if its decisions are immediately binding.

A change is also needed in attitude as well as in organisation. The old attitude has been exemplified by the retain-and-transfer system. To describe that – as it has been operated till now – as 'feudalism' is an insult to feudalism. The feudal lord accepted his responsibility to maintain his serfs along with the right to retain them. The Football League lords demanded the right to retain a player, even after his contract had expired, but denied the responsibility to pay him wages, unless he submitted to their terms. It is this unconscionable combination which the League has now abandoned. In future the player may be held, but at least he must be paid. Whether the spirit which led to that compromise constitutes a new attitude remains to be seen.

It was sheer arrogance on the part of the League which forced the players to plan strike action. The Ministry of Labour conciliator has succeeded in showing the League which century it lives in. Yet the principle of holding a man to a contract when that contract has expired has still not been denied – and may still lead to further trouble.

Science

A Reprieve for Blue Streak?

NIGEL CALDER *writes:* The apparently straightforward task of giving European scientists a chance to try their hands at space research has produced a somewhat complicated situation, which may begin to resolve itself within the next few weeks. Britain and Canada have taken up the American offer to launch satellites for them, and the French are in the process of doing so. At the same time, Britain, France and nine other western European countries have agreed in principle to a joint scientific space research organisation. But Britain wants to bring the Commonwealth into the picture, and in particular to make use of the Woomera rocket base in Australia. She also wants to reprieve the discarded Blue Streak rocket and sell it to the Europeans as the basis of a satellite launching vehicle.

The Americans, who have written international co-operation in space research into their law, are understandably disappointed that the nations have not come flocking with instruments to be put into orbit. They would like to be the patrons of European space research: apart from anything else they are already finding it easier to devise rockets than really worthwhile experiments to go in them. Manchester University has asked for Soviet help in launching a radio instrument. And in the background sits Cospar, the Committee on Space Research of the International Council of Scientific Unions, which in theory, but not so far in practice, is competent to arrange co-operation between all nations in the launching of space vehicles.

The Europeans must think the British government somewhat obsessional about Blue Streak. It is British (though based on an American engine design) and the defence fiasco which it represented might, in saner times, have brought about the fall of the government; apart from that it is quite an ordinary rocket by present standards. After some years of development, fitted with suitable upper stages, it could put about a ton into orbit. The Russians are now repeatedly putting 4½ tons into orbit; and the American Centaur rocket of comparable power is due this year.

For political and technological reasons the British government wants to save Blue Streak from the dustbin. But the embryonic European space research organisation would probably mature quicker and less painfully if it relied, in its early years at least, on American rockets. It must be remembered that Blue Streak has not yet flown, let alone been assembled with upper stages to make a launcher; and even if one mentally leaps these hurdles, one finishes up with a launcher which is unnecessarily powerful for most research satellites, and yet apparently not powerful enough for deep space-probes to the moon, sun and planets.

Accordingly it has been necessary to work up the idea of the commercial satellite, which the Americans would presumably not want to launch on behalf of a European business enterprise and by which, therefore, Blue Streak could pay its way. In particular there are the proposals for communications satellites for relaying telephone conversations (and television) around the world. The Minister of Aviation is clearly having to do some hard selling on his tour of the European capitals in quest of support for Blue Streak; and the commercial success of the envisaged satellite programme is so problematical that I wonder whether support for the immediate future, much as it would help Britain's aircraft industry, may be won only at the price of long-term disappointment and rancour.

On the scientific side, what can Europe hope to achieve in space? Administratively, there is the excellent model of CERN, the European Organisation for Nuclear Research, set up at Geneva when it became clear that world science did not need and could not afford more than one or two of the most powerful and expensive atom-smashing machines. On the fringe of space, there is a great deal of useful work to be done using rockets of modest payload, like surveyors with chains and theodolites following behind the dashing American and Russian explorers. Rich scientific dividends are likely for a generation or more, from detailed studies of the upper atmosphere and of the radiations of all kinds passing to and from the earth. Still, if we Europeans want to engage less vicariously in the interplanetary excitements of the coming decades – if we want to join in the exploration of the solar system and the search for life beyond the earth – we should be well advised to work more earnestly for full co-operation with the Americans and with the Russians too: the world cannot sensibly afford a duplication or triplication of giant space vehicles.

NEXT WEEK

Mr Kennedy's America

R. H. S. CROSSMAN *reports from Washington on the Inauguration.*

PROF. J. M. BURNS, *Mr Kennedy's biographer, writes a personal study of the President.* ROBERT BENDINER *discusses relations between the President and the new Congress.*

Other contributors include SIR GERALD BARRY, V. S. PRITCHETT, NORMAN MACKENZIE, MARCUS CUNLIFFE, ANTHONY HOWARD *and* VICKY.

Nottingham

The Battle of the Playhouse

MERVYN JONES *writes:* A political deadlock stands between the city of Nottingham and the acquisition of the finest new theatre to be planned in Britain in this generation.

Labour councillors, who have championed the scheme, and Conservatives, who are hostile or at least cool toward it, are equal in seats, with the Labour majority upheld by the Lord Mayor's casting vote. A vacancy or even an illness could make all the difference to the crucial vote, expected next month, when tenders for the building have been submitted.

In was in 1948 that the Council set aside for 'a cultural purpose' the £200,000 paid as compensation when the municipal gas undertaking was nationalised. With accumulated interest, this fund now stands at about £330,000. Citizens who want the new theatre urge that it can be built with money out of the safe, not money out of anyone's pocket.

The existing Nottingham Playhouse is depressingly inadequate. Built in 1911 as Pringle's Picture Palace, its stage (12 feet by 20) is believed to be the smallest in any professional theatre. It has practically no wings and five tiny subterranean dressing-rooms. Noise from a busy road junction, and occasionally from the fire station across the street, interrupts the play; regular patrons buy their seats as far as possible from the traffic lights.

Financially, there are two other handicaps. The Playhouse has no bar; and it has only 460 seats, so that even capacity houses – as with a revue last year – produce no surplus. The city has provided no money, except a £1,000 loan in 1948 when the Theatre Trust, on which the Council and the university are represented, was set up.

Yet the Playhouse has survived to become, under its talented director, Val May, one of the half-dozen outstanding provincial repertories. Along with classics and the best from the West End (*Rhinoceros* and *One Way Pendulum* last autumn), it presents three or four world premières a year. Schools in the city and country have booked 46 entire matinée houses for this season. A survey shows that 70 per cent of the customers are younger than 25, and this, says the Trust, argues a secure long-term future.

With the prospect of a new theatre, Mr May asked for an open stage for productions of Shakespeare and of some modern plays. A repertory, however, must also present plays – Ibsen, Shaw, Chekhov – which were written for the picture-frame. The architect, Peter Moro, has designed a circular auditorium with alternative stages, one behind the proscenium arch and the other jutting forward from it. Each will be 32 feet wide and 20 feet deep. Picture-frame productions can make use of three 20-foot trucks, deep wings, and a revolve.

Backstage, Mr Moro plans a soundproofed workshop the size of the stage, a full-scale paint frame, a rehearsal room which will also be as big as the stage, and ample dressing-rooms and green room. The foyers will connect with a wing containing a restaurant and café. Mr Moro was also asked for actors' flats and a small art gallery, and designed them, but they have been cut out on economy grounds. The theatre is to have 750 seats.

According to the budget worked out by the Trust, the new theatre will pay its way (with the aid of its Arts Council subsidy) if it is filled to the same percentage of capacity as the old. This makes no allowance for its added comfort and attractiveness, for the worthier productions it will be able to stage, or for bar and restaurant profits.

All the same, there is a good deal of opposition to the theatre on financial grounds. The Council's original decision for a new theatre, in 1956, envisaged a cost of £200,000. The Conservatives voted against it because they said it would turn out to cost more; and, if this was their only motive, they were quite right. Coventry's Belgrade Theatre, without anything like the same stage facilities, cost £270,000.

Critics do not admit that they are against the theatre on principle – though one alderman, accused of decrying the Playhouse without having ever visited it, is said to have bought a ticket, seen *Look Back in Anger*, and emerged with a strengthened feeling that, if this was it, he was against it. The Conservatives point out that their dramatic statement on the eve of the last municipal election promised, not to scrap the plan, but to 'order a standstill' until they knew the full cost. Now, they say, they are waiting for the tenders.

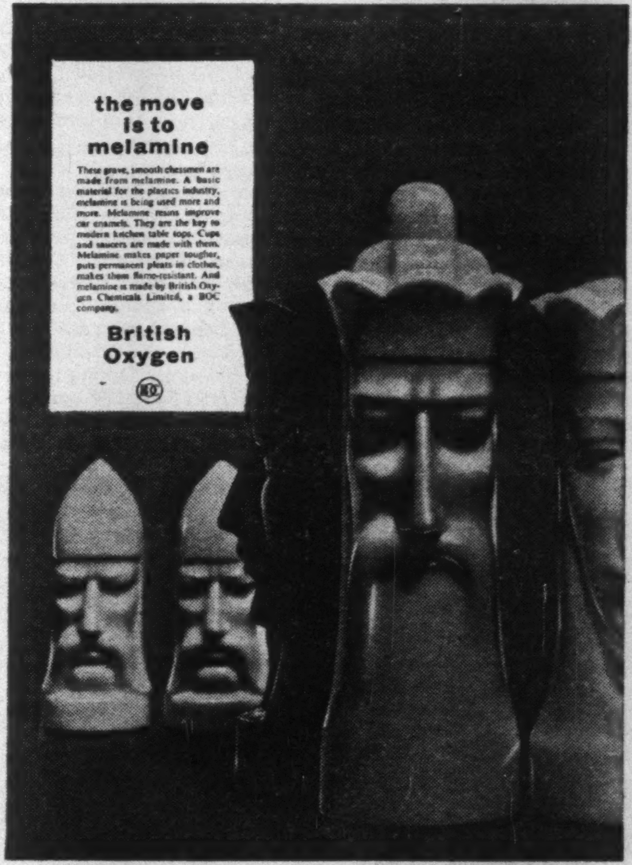
Building costs and wages rise steadily, and have risen since Mr Moro submitted his design. What will happen if the lowest tender is for more than what is now in the gas fund? Although there is a fair amount of support for the project among Tory voters, and among those interested in putting Nottingham on the tourist map, a generous attitude from Conservative councillors seems unlikely. They will either say that the whole idea must be dropped, or demand economies ruinous both to the design and to the theatre's prospects.

In that event, the only hope is that Labour councillors will say boldly that the city must find the extra money, either by a loan or from the rates: in prosperous Nottingham a penny rate yields £19,000. But the elections, at which Labour faces a grave risk of losing its slender majority, are near. It will take courage to enter the campaign with the certainty of being attacked as the spendthrift party.

NEW STATESMAN
Advertisement Award

Last January the NEW STATESMAN inaugurated an award for the best advertisement appearing in its columns during the preceding twelve months. The object of this annual award is the encouragement of advertisements which are valuable to readers and advertisers alike – aesthetically pleasing, suitable for the paper in which they appear, and informative or amusing or both. The award, which has no monetary value, takes the form of specially drawn diplomas for the advertiser and the agent responsible for the advertisement.

The winning advertisement for 1960 appears below. It was prepared for The British Oxygen Company Ltd by F. C. Pritchard, Wood & Partners Ltd, advertising agents, and published in the NEW STATESMAN of 23 January 1960.



the move is to melamine

These grave, smooth chessmen are made from melamine. A basic material for the plastics industry, melamine is being used more and more. Melamine resins improve car enamels. They are the key to modern kitchen table tops. Cups and saucers are made with them. Melamine makes paper tougher, puts permanent pleats in clothes, makes them flame-resistant. And melamine is made by British Oxygen Chemicals Limited, a BOC company.

British Oxygen

BOC

The candidates on the short list for this year's advertising award are informative rather than fantastic. ICI have a non-inflammable anaesthetic; Unilever, on the look-out for managers, treat the type ornithologically and explain their training; British Oxygen tell us the uses of melamine resins. I admired Unilever's emblematic bird, a keen, stout, decorative fellow with a neat stiff collar and tie; he looked sportive and busy in his white-on-black square and his grey background, and the typography was excellent. But half the page was text: there was too much to read. The model surely ought to have been Francis Bacon 'On Managers', short and pithy. ICI had a delicate photograph of a boy watching his tadpoles – an intelligent, sensitive boy, not the usual grinning young beast. Visually this was outstanding. But the text was written in clichés: 'untold suffering', 'whole new armoury of weapons'.

The superiority of British Oxygen's 'the move is to melamine' springs, to my mind, from the placing of a terse, factual text in the very mysterious, dramatic picture of its plastic chessmen. These smooth, stern, hieratic figures may be too solemnly early Anglo-Saxon and too personal for the International Chess tournaments, but they suggest strength and are apportioned skilfully between grey and black, light and shadow. They make the casual reader look again – indeed they command him to look; the composition is excellent; the punning title is not facetious; and the reader picks up one or two curious, unoppressive facts. So British Oxygen has this year's award.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Central-American Crisis

PAUL JOHNSON

> I spent thirty-three years and four months in active service as a member of our country's most agile military force – the Marine Corps. I served in all commissioned ranks from a second-lieutenant to major-general . . . I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in . . . I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Honduras 'right' for American fruit companies in 1903 . . . Looking back on it, I feel I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best *he* could do was to operate his racket in three city districts. We Marines operated in three *continents.*

The writer is Major-General Smedley D. Butler, US Marine Corps. His life-story – mirroring the history of US neo-colonialism in the Caribbean – helps to explain why Washington now faces the most serious crisis which has ever confronted a United States government in its own hemisphere. We have already learned, in the Middle East, that the most dangerous type of colonialism is neo-colonialism. Britain moved into Egypt in the 1880's on a strictly 'temporary' basis; we finally moved out early in 1957 in an atmosphere of shame and anger which nearly precipitated a world war, and which still leaves a sediment of rancour on both sides. America and Cuba are now trapped in the same emotional equation.

The decay of the Turkish empire in the 19th century, and its final collapse in 1918, tempted Britain to her disastrous experiment in neo-colonialism. In Central America and the Caribbean, the United States was faced with a similar problem. The retreat of Spanish power had left a series of weak republics, unable or unwilling to coalesce, constitutionally unstable. The US could not ignore them: until the 1860's, the sea-land-sea voyage across the Isthmus was still the quickest route from New York to San Francisco. It lacked the desire – and at that date the means – to conquer them. And it failed to persuade them to federate into a large, stable unit, with which Washington could have normal relations. It thus slid uneasily into neo-colonialism, exercised first by individual *entrepreneurs*, but increasingly by the government itself.

As early as 1848 we find Cornelius Vanderbilt running Nicaragua for the benefit of his transport company, which shipped miners from the East Coast to California. This prompted military action by his rivals in New York, who financed three expeditions by the famous 'land pirate', William Walker. In 1856, Walker got himself elected president of Nicaragua and invaded Honduras: he was not disposed of until 1860, when he was captured by the Royal Navy and handed over for execution. During the next three decades, more and more US firms moved into the area. So did the bankers, from both New York and Europe. Since the feckless and transitory governments of Central America invariably defaulted on their loans, there was a growing threat of intervention by the great powers. Hence the US began to move in at government level, not only to protect the interests of its own citizens, but to keep the other great powers out.

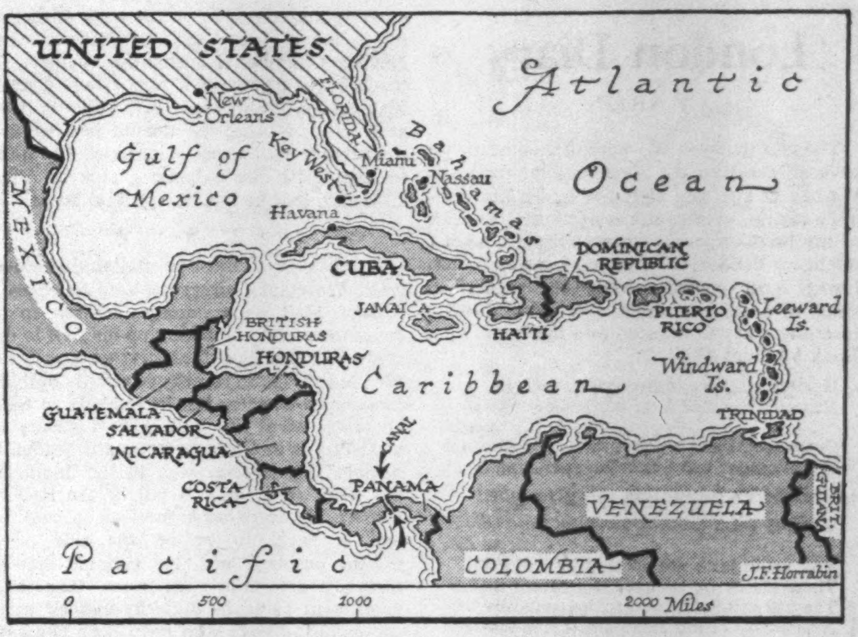
With the turn of the century, too, came a further direct involvement: the Panama Canal. The US government had bought out the defunct de Lesseps Company for $40 million. By 1903 negotiations with Colombia, which then included the narrowest part of the Isthmus in its territory, broke down: the Colombian Congress was holding out for a higher price. Theodore Roosevelt promptly promoted a revolution in Panama, which declared itself independent of Colombia and signed the treaty. The ten-mile Canal Zone was leased for 99 years with absolute sovereignty; the US was also granted the right to enforce sanitary measures, exact special commissary privileges, discriminate against Panamanian workers, and to hold a monopoly of railway construction.

Carved in two by an alien presence, Panama has been unable to create even a minimum of internal stability. In 50 years it has had 28 presidents, only five of whom have served their full term. In 1956 the US relinquished some of its privileges and agreed to pay a higher rent (but only a mere $1,930,000 a year); despite this the agitation against the US grows every year.

This pattern finds echoes throughout the area. In 1912, the US Secretary of State, Philander Knox, laid down a formal doctrine. 'Our tremendous national interest created by the Panama Canal makes the safety, the peace of Central America and the Caribbean

COUNTRY	POLITICAL SET-UP	CHIEF CROP	POPULATION AND DENSITY	RACIAL COMPOSITION	WEALTH	FOCUS OF DISCONTENT
COSTA RICA	Democracy	Coffee	1,134,626 High	White (Negroes in some areas)	Poor	United Fruit Company is powerful
EL SALVADOR	Democracy: Left now in power	Coffee	2,475,665 Very high	90% Mestizo 10% Indian	Poor	Railways owned by Britain and US
GUATEMALA	Right-wing Dictatorship	Coffee	3,545,212 Low	Mainly Indian	Very Poor	Railways owned by United Fruit and American Electric Bond and Share
HONDURAS	Right-wing semi-dictatorship	Bananas	1,828,183 Low	Mainly Mestizo	Very Poor	United Fruit and Standard Fruit biggest landowners
NICARAGUA	Right-wing dictatorship	Coffee	1,423,511 Low	77% Mestizo 9% Negro 4% Indian	Very Poor	Big US investment
PANAMA	Right-wing semi-democracy	Canal Depot Trade	1,000,000 Low	12% White 15% Negro 72% Mixed	Poor	US 'sovereign' ownership of Canal Zone
CUBA	Left-wing dictatorship	Sugar	5,829,029 High	73% White 26% Negro	Poor	US military base at Guantanamo
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC	Right-wing dictatorship	Sugar	2,843,415 High	Mainly White	Poor	Government entirely in hands of Trujillo family
HAITI	Right-wing dictatorship	Coffee	4,000,000 High	Negro (French-speaking)	Very Poor Indeed	Armed forces, finance operated under US 'Advisers'

[The entries under 'Political Set-Up' cannot be precise definitions. The test applied is the extent to which a régime genuinely respects the freedoms in theory guaranteed by the constitutions of all these republics.]



of paramount interest to the government of the United States'. For this reason, the US must 'apply a remedy in these regions where the malady of revolution and financial collapse is most acute'.

The 'remedy' took the form of armed intervention, control of customs and central banks, often of outright military government. The US has played a dominant role in a number of Honduras's 135 revolutions. In Nicaragua US Marines were in occupation, except for a few months in 1925, between 1910 and 1934. The Marines ran the customs – extracting the bulk of the revenue for interest payments to US and foreign creditors – trained the police and army, and supervised the elections, which invariably returned conservatives. From 1936 Nicaragua has been governed by the pro-US dictator Somoza and his family. Somoza, who was assassinated in 1956, ran the country as a piece of private enterprise, controlling 117 businesses. He was lavishly entertained in the White House and awarded the appropriate arms and medals. His son Luis now carries on the family business.

In Guatemala it is the same story. When the pattern of US puppets was broken in 1951 by the election of the left-wing Jacob Arbenz, who nationalised the US electricity company and disappropriated 234,000 acres of the United Fruit Company's estates, the US government promoted an invasion from Honduras, which overthrew Arbenz. His successors, Castillo Armas and Ydigoras, were both illegally appointed. Both have proved subservient to US policy and have enjoyed the protection and aid of Washington.

In Haiti and the Dominican Republic, US neo-colonialism has been even more open. In 1904, in order to secure payment of debts, President Roosevelt took over the customs of the Dominican Republic, virtually the only source of revenue. In 1916 the US navy occupied the country, which was subjected to direct military rule, carried out by the Navy Department, for the next eight years. Finance was supervised by the US until 1941. Since 1930 the country has been controlled by the Trujillo family which, until very recently, proved a trusty instrument of US policy.

In Haiti the US has administered the national debt since the early years of the century. In 1915 the Marines moved in directly, and until 1934 the US ran elections, finance, police and army, education, health and trade, and exercised a veto on legislation. The US government employed the *corvée*, or forced labour, on public works projects, working the Negroes without pay under the direction of officers drawn largely from the southern states. This long occupation has totally failed to produce stability, still less prosperity. In 1957 there were seven different governments, and the current dictator, Duvalier, was recently forced to call in the Marines again – this time as 'advisers'.

Cuba, however, provides the perfect pattern of US neo-colonialism. It is far and away the richest of these territories, has easily the highest US investment, and of course is the closest to US territory. Unlike the other republics, it remained under Spanish occupation during the 19th century, and maintained the full slave-system until 1875. For these reasons the southern states were anxious to annex it outright.

Southern planters promoted three invasions in the 1840s and three more in the next decade. They were also behind a US government proposal to buy the island from Spain for $120 million in 1854. Southern interest in conquest naturally declined after the Civil War, but US financial groups continued to promote revolt, and New York and Florida – then as now – were the headquarters of Cuban dissidents of the 19th century.

The attitude of the US public to Cuba has always been ambivalent, making their relations with the Cubans complex and rich in misunderstanding. From 1870 onwards, the Cubans were in permanent revolt against the Spanish, who reacted with their customary brutality. This outraged US sentiment, and the main reason why the US finally declared war on Spain in 1898 and completed the liberation of the island was the pressure of liberal-minded opinion. At the same time, the US authorities planned the war with calculated skill, and emerged with three valuable territories – the Philippines, Guam and Puerto Rico. The Cubans therefore regard the US victory as merely the culmination of their own efforts (and for which the US was handsomely rewarded). The Americans see themselves as liberators and expect a proper sense of gratitude.

Any hope that the Cubans would be grateful, however, was removed by the subsequent behaviour of the US. Washington recognised Cuban independence, but its troops remained in occupation until 1902. Under the Platt Amendment the US reserved the right to intervene in certain circumstances, to maintain army and naval bases, and to create an elaborate trading structure for Cuban sugar – mostly from US-owned estates. Hence the famous sugar quota, which the American public regards as an example of unrequited benevolence, is seen by the Cubans as an instrument of US imperialism, from which American owners (and the protected high-cost growers in the US) profited most.

Nor was this all. US troops were back again between 1906-1909 and virtually ran the country. Worse, the US sponsored a series of conservative presidents, each of whom became a multi-millionaire. There was the infamous Gomez. There was Menocal, fraudulently elected in 1917. In 1921, the US successfully backed Zayes, known as the 'Peseta Stealer', and in 1925 the corrupt Machado. Woodrow Wilson had propounded a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, under which the US had the right to intervene to protect lives and property, and to refuse recognition to any government which obtained office illegally. Under this doctrine, the Marines again arrived in 1933, but the very next year the US broke its own rule by recognising the new regime run by the 'reliable' Batista. Batista enjoyed US approval and support almost down to his last days. He ran the island in profitable conjunction with the US banks, utilities and sugar companies, and gambling and crime syndicates.

These facts explain clearly enough why Cubans hate the US, and why this hate is echoed throughout the Caribbean and Central America. But they also explain, to some extent at least, the reciprocal fury of the American public – a fury which has led New York dockers, for example, to refuse to handle Cuban goods. American policy has always been partly motivated by her strategic and economic interests; but it has also contained a large, and occasionally dominant, element of humanitarianism. Americans see themselves as the generous elder brother, the liberator, the protector from foreign depredation, the upholder of democratic virtues, sound and honest government, efficient public health and the sanctity of contracts – cruel on occasions, but only to be kind. They know just enough about Caribbean history to misunderstand it, and they are now outraged by the inexplicable ingratitude of their protegés.

The only way to cure this type of emotional crisis is to understand it. This is not going to be easy. Castro, despite his brilliance, is in some ways a stupid man; I see no sign that he has even made an effort to grasp the complexities of the American attitude, and he evidently lacks both the restraint and the subtlety of a Nasser. Kennedy, by contrast, is unemotional and cautious; it is fortunate that he also has a sound knowledge of history. On the other hand, his narrow victory makes him peculiarly susceptible to the pressure of an aroused public opinion, and its angry spokesmen in Congress.

It seems unlikely that he will take military action against Cuba itself. But he may be forced to do so if *Fidelismo* breaks out elsewhere, particularly in the region of Panama. Should this happen, the very greatest responsibility rests on Britain. Even the present government must have learnt something from our own Middle Eastern experiences. We can – and may have to – bring this knowledge, plus minds unclouded by emotion, to the help of the hard-pressed man in the White House.

London Diary

CHARON

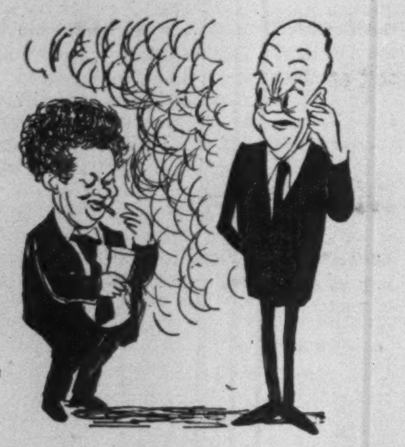
The fact that you are reading this means we have all survived the American interregnum. We can at any rate start life under the Kennedy regime with cautious optimism. In view of my pseudonymous connection, I thought I might try the *Sortes Virgilianae* for a pointer. Using most conscientiously the prescribed ritual of a child (a virgin or a priest will do) inserting a key at random into the book, I got Book VI, lines 430-434:

> Hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis.
> Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes:
> Quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum
> Conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit.

In Delabere's translation this gives you!

> Hard by them those doomed on false charge to die.
> And yet in truth not without lot and judge
> These places are assigned, for Minos shakes
> The urn and holds inquiry; he convokes
> Assemblage of the silent ghosts, and learns
> Their lives and evil deeds.

Virgil is as equivocal as the Delphic Oracle. I rather wish the key had not chosen Book VI, The Underworld or Next World, but it can be interpreted retrospectively or far distant. Some posthumous rehabilitation seems indicated with a long and obviously dicey investigation of Senator MacCarthy. Meanwhile, simply as a footnote to the retiring President's biography, let me draw your attention to his meeting with Dylan Thomas. Little is known about this encounter except that it took place. Irrelevant, almost without significance, like a blind date in a game of Consequences, yet oddly intriguing. It was in New York some time during the first of Dylan's fatal sequence of visits in 1950. All the meticulous Brinin can record is 'a crowded room and . . . a drunken mist – exuding, of course, from Dylan and not from the General who would soon be President', and that Dylan found Dwight D. Eisenhower 'nice enough'.



* * *

You do not need to be an expert at reading between the lines to discern significant restraint in Establishment tributes to the retiring Archbishop of Canterbury. The *Daily Mirror* summed it up neatly: Dr Fisher had 'done his best according to his lights, but his lights were dim'. A capable administrator, but no sort of spiritual leader: in this respect, both he and the late Pope were curiously alike, able in a one-sided way, but ill-equipped to lead the Christian world in its most testing time. In some ways Fisher reminds me of Lloyd George's remark about Neville Chamberlain, slightly adapted: he made a good head of a minor public school that needed pulling together. Perhaps it was at Repton, waking the dozing Isherwood in the Library with a well-placed kick and failing to appreciate the didactic genius of Victor Gollancz, that he lost his spiritual home.

* * *

It looks as if the new national *éminence grise*, Professor Cairncross, who succeeds Sir Robert Hall as economic adviser to the government, will be taking up his post in mid-crisis. Whether he is the secret weapon behind Mr Macmillan's recent wave of optimism remains to be seen, but he is likely to follow an independent line with both Treasury and City. Professor Cairncross, a hard-headed but flexible Glaswegian, was twister-in-chief of the Bank of England's tail in the Radcliffe Report. He describes himself as an empiricist and is likely to be on the side of the radical business men. He believes that new methods are more important than heavy investment as such. Butterfly-minded motor-car manufacturers who have been content to flutter about in a seller's market are likely to find him sharp and particular and not very sympathetic. Why, he was demanding the other day, do the Volkswagen and the Dauphine occupy a place in their own countries that no similar car occupies in Britain? His polemical style is witty-philosophical. He concluded a recent notice in the *Economic Review* of Tinbergen's history of business cycles in the UK by expressing awe for 'the monistic fury with which he reduces the Victorian cycle to a single auto-regressive equation in terms of profits . . . I can only gape in the mood of one watching Moses strike the rock.' I hope he will remember to simplify when instructing Selwyn; otherwise we shall be lucky if we get even water out of the box on Budget day.

* * *

I doubt whether Lady Summerskill will find many cases of punch drunkenness in the House of Lords, though some of the backwoodsmen may offer possibilities for differential diagnosis. Incidentally, with the defeat of Downes fresh in the news, she might like, if she hasn't heard it already, the story of the boxer's manager in the dressing-room after the fight who was upbraiding his man for getting a fearful hiding. 'You don't know what it does to me, son, honest you don't!' he was saying. 'If you take another beating like that I think it'll kill me, straight I do.'

* * *

I was reminded of the neglected possibilities of Ireland as a field for British investment by the voices of two Irish nurses over whose shoulders I was peering at the Book of Dimma in the Trinity College Dublin Exhibition at Burlington House. One said: 'They will be sending the whole of TCD over next.'

'And why not?' said the other. 'Most of the students come over here as it is. There are no jobs for educated people in Ireland. They have to be exported along with the labourers.'

This is a fascinating exhibition, quite apart from the Book of Kells and the Books of Durrow, Dimma, and Armagh, many of whose surrealistic decorations suggest affinities with both the pre-Raphaelites and those Buddhist mandalas which Jung, and some of his patients, are so keen on. There are relics of the famous human exports of Trinity, Swift, Sterne, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke, Hamilton the inventor of quaternions, and Wilde. It seems odd to think that not so many years ago the Irish nationalist movement was spurning Trinity, and Yeats was denouncing it as a sterile influence that had always taught the ideas of the stranger.

* * *

Nothing in the remotest degree anarchic about the dinner at the Connaught Rooms last week to celebrate the 40th anniversary of A. S. Neill's Summerhill School. Food and organisation were excellent. The atmosphere was totally different from the conventional old school rally; yet, apart from the presence of both sexes and the absence of any heartiness, it's not easy to say precisely why. Certainly nobody looked in the least *outré*. Perhaps it was that nobody looked quite like anybody else. Neill, though he doesn't look it, is 77. The current of affection for him was warm and strong. He made a pleasant, amusing, rambling speech, very Scotch and modest, casual, off-hand – though with an occasional dedicated note such as his conviction that freedom would still cure most things. His mentions of Old Summerhillians varied from 'he was the one who sold my wardrobe' to the fact that Diana Fishwick, a Ladies Golf Champion whom you would associate with Roedean or Heathfield, was the first Old Summerhillian grandmother. Those I talked to afterwards were lyrical though nicely unsentimental in their praise of Neill. One grown-up happily married OS, who claimed to have been the despair of herself, her parents and five other schools, said that her only complaint was that she felt she would be letting the school down if she gave up smoking.

* * *

Go Down Ye Murderers, the contemporary ballad (on *Chorus From The Gallows*, an LP Topic record) in which Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger commemorate the hanging of Timothy Evans for Christie's murders, is wryly plangent and haunting. I see a scribe in the *People* calls it morbid. It isn't, of course; but it is alien in spirit to the stock sensationalised attitude which our now old-fashioned Sunday tabloids cannot help fostering – albeit on the same page the *People* printed a favourable review of Ludovic Kennedy's book. There are 14 ballads in all, with one about Derek Bentley: 'Guns and Comics, Films of War Made his Education'.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The behaviour of spectators at some Rugby matches has declined because the wrong sort of people go, just as now a lot of wrong people play.

Rugby used to be played only at better class schools.

To attempt to lump Rugby, the game, and the spectators with the thousands of layabouts at the soccer grounds is quite useless, as it is to compare the amateur game with the professional, with its wages, absurd transfer fees and now, God help us, talks of strikes. – Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (G. Thompson.)

My husband has been invited to a formal dinner next month. At the bottom of the invitation card it says 'Decorations will be worn'. My husband has no decorations. What should he wear? – Letter in *Woman*. (Mary Crammer.)

ALDERMASTON MARCH — *31 March - April 3*

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This is why our marches will start on Good Friday from ALDERMASTON and from WETHERSFIELD and meet on Easter Monday in Whitehall.

If you can't march, please help those who can by sending a donation to:—

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After the Vote

ALEXANDER WERTH

A prominent Algerian personality in Tunis, very close to Ferhat Abbas, defined for me last week-end the Algerian provisional government's attitude to the Algerian referendum as follows: 'We are not at all sure that de Gaulle is in a hurry to make peace, even though the desires of the French electorate were crystal-clear on that point. He is trying instead, it seems, to set up "provisional institutions" in Algeria which, since the referendum, make no sense at all. We don't think that any serious-minded Algerian, like Farès or Ali Mallem, will want to play the Bao Dai. We shall not recognise any sort of phoney "third force" which the French may try to build up into an "Algerian executive". The Algerian people have made it quite clear who their lawful representatives are.'

'You talk about "negotiations with the FLN", but what are such negotiations to be about?' I asked.

'We want simultaneous negotiations on the cease-fire and on the conditions in which self-determination is to be achieved. In the self-determination vote there must be absolute freedom of expression. We are not saying that the whole French army must be evacuated from Algeria before the self-determination vote, but we must have guarantees – possibly international guarantees – that the army remains completely neutral in that vote. The trouble at present is that de Gaulle is hoping to set up "provisional" institutions with the idea that they may become permanent. It just won't work.'

'Would you be prepared to consider partition?'

'No; no regrouping of populations and no partition; no "French Israel" in Algeria.'

'What else is there to negotiate about then?'

'Oh, lots of things,' said my informant. 'As I said, we are not insisting on the army being wholly and immediately evacuated. Remember that in 1954 there were 60,000 troops in Algeria, and now there are about 700,000. This is one of the things – with time limits and much else – on which there could be negotiations. We could also negotiate about the personal and economic guarantees for the French who would want to stay on in Algeria; there is no reason why, despite all the present bitterness, Algiers shouldn't, in a few years' time, become as pleasant and normal a city as Tunis. Other things to negotiate about are French investments and their "counterpart" – the destruction of Algerian life and property by the French. Also – since this seems to worry the French – general (or almost general) amnesty for Algerians who "collaborated" with the French.'

This appears to be a maximum programme. My informant was most insistent that any attempt by de Gaulle to delay a solution by means of 'provisional institutions' would only lead to further bloodshed and explosions. The Algerian provisional government are also very much against a 'round-table conference' of all Algerian interests, since they consider themselves the only fully qualified spokesmen of the Algerian people. Whether there is some room for compromise here remains to be seen.

I asked President Bourguiba whether he thought the Algerian war would end in 1961. 'I very much hope so,' he said, 'but I am not at all sure. A terrible number of conflicting interests are involved – and not all of them are favourable to peace. All the same, the international situation and the situation inside France contain positive elements and the problem is maturing, though perhaps only slowly.'

What of the situation in Algeria itself, where after all the vast majority (782,000 Noes and 1,885,000 abstentions against 1,747,000 Yeses) either rejected or boycotted de Gaulle's proposal?

One needs to have lived in Algeria during this last month to realise what an unhappy, tormented, frightened country it is. Fear fills the hearts of the Europeans. Three months ago they still believed that they had the Moslems completely cowed and subdued. Then two things happened: de Gaulle's broadcast of 4 November, in which he first used the phrase 'Algerian Republic'; and then – much more important – 'the Algiers events' (as they are invariably called) when, on 11 December, the tame, terrorised Casbah burst into a great, green flower of FLN flags.

'God!' said a frightened European to me after the vote, 'Has all the good work done by General Massu and his paratroopers been in vain?' Now the Europeans knew, he said, that 'the enemy' was not only in the Aurès mountains and the Collo peninsular, but right in their midst – in Algiers, in Oran, in Bône and Constantine.

Leading *ultras* to whom I talked were unanimous in their hatred of de Gaulle; and they still seem to have plenty of verbal fighting spirit. Some of them boasted to me that if the Moslems started any nonsense, there wouldn't be one of them left alive: 'There isn't a European in this city who hasn't got a revolver, or at least a shotgun with 300 rounds of ammunition.' But other Europeans plaintively added: 'The trouble, of course, is that they're as numerous as flies.'

The Europeans are in fact shaken in varying degrees. Many of those with money have been buying up property in Paris and in the south of France; but they are terribly angry with de Gaulle – for, as one of them put it to me, 'With that "Algerian Republic" formula of his he ruined confidence. I own large new blocks of flats in Bône; my partner and I have been selling them for eight million francs apiece: since 4 November nobody will give a farthing for them. It is absolutely essential that he should now restore confidence amongst the Europeans!'

During my two trips into the *bled*, I had an opportunity of talking to many army officers. Their attitude to de Gaulle was mostly rather ambiguous, even though they had done their best to 'persuade' over a million Moslems to vote. The common line was: 'We don't know what de Gaulle proposes to do; but he knows that we *want* to stay in Algeria and he is, after all, an army man, and he has always taken our wishes into account – to some extent'.

There were, however, one or two curious exceptions. A very impressive colonel, who had studied law at Grenoble University, said to me. 'People here are a bit over-simple; they still think in terms of *l'Algérie de papa.* When I was a student, I used to study your Harold Laski, and what he says about the natural collapse of colonies is now truer than ever. Sooner or later, we'll have to negotiate with the FLN. They have some tremendous cards to play, but then we also have some; this is an underdeveloped country, and it will need help from somebody; they might as well have it from us. They are used to us, anyway. Of course, it'll take time. I don't think de Gaulle can, in any circumstances, agree to withdraw the whole of the French army overnight. Otherwise, as our *ultra* friends no doubt told you, this would be the Congo all over again.'

The most pro-de-Gaulle European I met was M. Borra, a retired schoolteacher who had been the Socialist deputy for Constantine and Socialist mayor of Bône in 1944-45. In his villa at Bône he had portraits and busts of Jaurès – the last thing I expected to see in Algeria. He had faith in de Gaulle; he did not believe that the 'temporary institutions' were more than a *pis-aller* – merely a warning to the Algerian government that if they did not play ball de Gaulle could, at a pinch, rule Algeria without them. But the general would *certainly* negotiate with Ferhat Abbas. 'Only it's becoming more difficult since the "Algiers events" – the Arabs are getting very, very cocky, I regret to say.'

A similar view was expressed to me by a captain near the electrified *barrage* near the Tunisian border: 'In a military sense, the FLN are not very troublesome at the moment, and seem to be out of breath. But politically they are displaying tremendous activity . . . If de Gaulle doesn't act quickly, I'm afraid there's danger of another outburst of terrorism.'

In the four weeks between the 'Algiers events' and the referendum more grenades were thrown than for a long time. That may be a warning of worse to come.

By the Nine Gods

C. H. ROLPH

John Donne would have seen the 1961 citizen as a man 'who oft names God in oaths, and only then'. There is so much to be said for not, in particular, doing it then that one welcomes the rare occasions when the future of swearing is considered by the legislators. At present a number of magistrate MPs are supporting Mr Arthur Lewis's bill to amend the Oaths Act of 1888, which allows Quakers, Moravians, Separatists, members of the United Brethren, other people with religious beliefs that would be offended by the oath used in the courts, and people bound by no religious beliefs at all, to make a 'solemn affirmation' instead of swearing. It is sometimes not 'reasonably practicable', Mr Lewis's bill acknowledges, to accommodate unfamiliar faiths in the witness box; and by 'reasonably practicable' the bill means 'practicable without inconvenience or delay'.

There have always been diffilties. Court officials are always hunting for copies of the *Vedas,* the *Granth,* the *Koran* and other sacred books in obedience to a solid British belief that you can't swear properly without holding up a book. They often give up the search and tell the witness to make a 'solemn affirmation' instead ('I solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirm and declare that the evidence I shall give . . .' etc).

When Count Potocki de Montalk was prosecuted because his poems shocked the police in 1932, he said he wanted to swear by Apollo. The Old Bailey library was searched in vain for a book that he could hold up while he did it. He refused to affirm; and in the end he raised both arms over his head, murmured something inaudible, and then

Transformation scene

The scene painter's skill takes us to a dramatic world of canvas and colour on the other side of the footlights. But working in a very different world is the man painting a bridge, spraying a car body, 'dipping' tool handles or lacquering food wrappers. He is painting for protection and his job is never done.

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assured the Recorder of London that he 'considered himself sworn', which was held to be good enough.

But it can lead to trouble. In 1958, when a Sikh was tried at Leeds Assizes for perjury before magistrates in giving evidence against two other Sikhs, no one had been able to find a copy of the Sikh's Holy Book, the *Granth*. So although the three Sikhs had said that they were religious men, they were allowed to make solemn affirmations. At the Assizes the defence submitted that none of them had been properly sworn and that accordingly there had been no perjury. A witness with a religious faith, it was urged, must be sworn according to his belief. The judge agreed and ordered the jury to acquit.

It seems that there is only one valid way of swearing a Sikh. He must be asked whether he wants to wash his hands before swearing, a bowl of clean water and a towel being ready in case he says yes. Then he must take off his shoes, cover his head (a handkerchief will do), take the *Granth* in his hand, and look down upon it as he says: 'I swear by our own Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion, that the evidence . . .' etc. No one who is not a Sikh must touch the *Granth*: a non-Sikh renders it unclean and the witness can reject it. The nearest copy of it available in the Leeds case was at Leicester University (there is another at the Sikh Temple, 79 Sinclair Road, Shepherds Bush).

It was the case of the Sikhs, as much as anything, which led to the present attempt to simplify the law. But a closer examination of the whole business of swearing witnesses casts many doubts on both its value and its authenticity for ensuring either Christian or non-Christian veracity. Mohammedans, for example, are in this country sworn on the *Koran*; but this seems to be a purely English idea – dating from the 18th-century 'opening up' of India – of what amounts to swearing a Mohammedan 'according to his belief'. When there is no copy of the *Koran* available (and I've seen a witness sworn on the Everyman English abridgment), some courts will allow the witness to affirm. There is no doubt that he is not then properly sworn, but no one seems certain that he would be properly sworn on the authentic *Koran* either.

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A BURNT-OUT CASE

HEINEMANN

The love of formal oath-taking goes very deep, especially among the elderly. There are still people who 'kiss the book', though the supposed necessity for it was abolished, on hygienic grounds, by the Oaths Act of 1909. Recently a witness in a magistrate's court produced his own Bible because he shrank from kissing a book kissed by others; and the magistrate let him use it and kiss it, for it did no harm; but there are magistrates and judges who would have insisted on his using the Testament provided, as if this had a special sanctity.

In September 1942, 34 Chinese seamen were jointly charged with causing grievous bodily harm to a policeman. When they started going into the witness box to tell their own stories, it seemed that they were all going to express religious convictions and thus have to be 'properly sworn' according to the Chinese custom. This is done by breaking a saucer and saying: 'As this saucer is broken so may my soul be shattered if I do not tell the truth'. When Confucianism and Taoism first found expression in the symbolic breaking of porcelain, that commodity may have been fairly expendable in China. In the England of 1942 (if you remember), saucers were a form of wealth.

The Liverpool magistrate despairingly suggested that the 34 witnesses should break pieces of the only two saucers left on the court premises. The interpreter regretfully explained that this wouldn't be binding upon them, but added that as an alternative they could take the oath by each cutting a cockerel's throat. Thirty-four Liverpudlian cockerels owed their lives to the hurried compromise then arranged: the Chinese agreed to consider themselves sworn by merely raising their right hands while the appropriate oath was read. Each of them may well have told the truth thereafter; but even if any of them had lied, there might have been difficulties in prosecuting for perjury.

The new Oaths Bill, which has the support of the government, does more than 'permit' solemn affirmation in place of the oath: it says that anyone permitted to affirm may be 'required' to do so, which implies compulsion when necessary. There must be very few witnesses who, having declined to be sworn, will also decline to affirm, but there may be some. Their evidence cannot be received. As the law stands (in, for example, the Magistrates' Courts Act, 1952, Section 77) they can be sent to prison for seven days or until they change their minds; but if they complete the seven days they have, it seems, worked their passage. Senior courts have power to commit such people (for contempt) for an indeterminate period, but they never do. Extorted evidence has not, for a long time now, been thought to be of much value.

Rather than amending the Oaths Act, I should have liked to see it scrapped – and succeeded by some measure for dealing more effectively, because more certainly, with really dangerous witness-box liars. In nearly every court case I have ever listened to, there has been lying on one side or the other, and it says much for British justice that most of the lying could be seen, as a rule, to be on the side that lost.

We seldom punish perjury. The annual number of prosecutions for many years has been about 50 (last year it was 45). It has always seemed odd to me that the number of perjury cases 'known to the police' appears in the *Criminal Statistics* as somewhere between 100 and 200 (last year, 108), since the most modest estimate suggests that in the 2,000 courts of all kinds in England and Wales there are 2,000 offences of this kind every day.

The law resorts to a perjury prosecution, you could almost say, when it sees no other way of getting its man down, the classic instance (and one of the darkest blots on the administration of justice) being the 14-year sentence imposed on the Tichborne claimant, the central figure in a vast network of perjury, in 1868. In 1934 I saw a man get a three-year sentence for committing perjury in a divorce action and boasting about it: the judge who sentenced him announced that this was designed to stop the lying and concealment that are still, nevertheless, supplementing the Matrimonial Causes Act on a bigger scale than they were even then.

'Oaths are but words,' as Samuel Butler said, 'and words but wind.'

Correspondence

MIDDLE CLASS ETHICS

Sir, – Mr Webber must be mistaken in his assessment of the housewives who anger him so much. All the evidence points to the fact that they are lower- and not middle-class. On his own admission, these unaccommodating ladies are in the process of acquiring new property and status symbols, which shows that they are *arrivistes*. This is a middle-class qualification only when the breadwinner is the first member of the family to send his son to Eton or to join a shooting syndicate. Secondly, middle-class housewives are rarely exquisitely groomed, nor do they speak disparagingly of the working class except behind its back. Manners makyth man, as Mr Gaitskell well knows, and that goes for the wives of Wykehamists as well as for their husbands. Thirdly, there can be few middle-class homes which do not take in either the *Observer* or the *Sunday Times*. In fact, the lady who keeps back numbers of the New Statesman is the only one who sounds remotely middle-class.

In fairness to these, as I maintain, lower-class ladies, a house-painter in Italian suede shoes must be suspect from the start. As for subtly tyrannising a charlady, no one would do that unless she had never had one before, or was fond of housework.

C. W. Edwards

The Gables
Bridport
Dorset

Sir, – If Mr R. C. H. Webber has been unlucky in housewives, I have been equally unlucky in my workmen. My carpets are protected exclusively by the New Statesman and the *Observer*, with the odd *Guardian* thrown in, yet I have suffered far more than those minute imperfections.

One painter, whom I liked very much, left half my banisters without a top coat. Another, no less pleasant, replaced a coat-rack in such a way that it collapsed the first time I hung my coat up.

I'm not making generalisations either, but any housewife who doesn't check carefully on work done for her is a fool.

Ann Thwaite

91 The Vineyard
Richmond
Surrey

ADVICE FROM KINGSLEY MARTIN...

For 30 years he has given it—though too few have taken it. When a new editor of the Daily Herald was appointed recently Martin said if he were the editor, "I would spend my money . . . and buy the most pungent political writers of the Left I could find . . ."

The Editor has taken Critic's advice by inviting Mr. Martin himself to write for the Herald.

His article on the Monarchy in the 1960's appears on Wednesday.

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SUNDAY TIMES

ONE OF THE WORLD'S
GREAT NEWSPAPERS

AUTHORS AND LIBRARIES

SIR, – In his letter two weeks ago, Sir Alan Herbert used figures from my 1959 annual report to support his argument in favour of the Public Lending Right. Twice he quoted the figure of £46,000 for salaries and wages, and contrasted it with the amount spent on books; the inference is that Sir Alan considers our expenditure on salaries to be excessive. Using the more recent figures of the 1960 report, the amount spent on salaries of librarians, excluding manual staff, was £43,875. This apparently large sum of money represents the salaries of 52 librarians – an average of £843 per annum, or £16 per week. This is rather less than can be earned by any competent driver of a mechanical shovel. Yet librarians are all Grammar-school educated; they are required to have the GCE in at least five subjects, and they must spend up to five years of part-time study, in their leisure time, to obtain the lowest professional librarianship qualifications.

These 52 librarians maintain a six-days-a-week service, in six adult and six children's libraries. They include half a dozen qualified and highly experienced children's librarians, whose principal task is to foster the reading habit among children by every possible means, and to instil in them a love of good books, thereby ensuring that in the next generation the authors will have a public for which to write.

Sir Alan also made the point that only one fifth of the population is registered as public library users. This ignores the fact that in a borough like St Pancras one set of tickets (three) often meets the reading needs of a family. This is substantiated by the recent survey conducted by the Society of Young Publishers, which showed that of the people questioned 43 per cent had borrowed books from a public library at some time. The same survey also produced the interesting fact that of the people who used public libraries, 22 per cent had bought a book in the previous fortnight. This hardly suggests that public libraries do much to discourage book buying.

If Sir Alan had had access to a copy of my 1960 annual report, which you were kind enough to commend in your issue of 31 December, he would have seen that I am not unsympathetic to his cause. In the introduction to the Report I said:

> There is a very good case for some form of aid for authors, particularly newcomers to the art of writing and the authors of unlucrative works of scholarship; after all, until the 19th century the majority of authors were dependent upon private patrons – as indeed were other artists. There are very good reasons why this community patronage should be given through local authorities, but not in the form of an 'issue-fee' which would provide signficant sums mainly to the prolific writers of escapist literature and would do little or nothing to help those most in need. The best method by which to give this help should be the subject of a round-table discussion between all the interested parties, and not a slanging match in the national press.

Finally, may I point out that of the £88,000 quoted by Sir Alan as the cost of the library service, £8,000 was spent on the St Pancras Arts Festival and the 'impressive range of activities' which formed the subject of your comment.

W. A. TAYLOR
Borough Librarian

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ARTHUR KOESTLER

SIR, – In your issue of 6 January you printed, signed by William Empson, what purported to be a review of my book, *The Lotus and the Robot*.

After obliquely hinting that my attitude is that of a sympathiser with Hitler (suited to Mosleyites in 1939), and similar smears, Empson proceeds: 'Soon after the war, Koestler felt he hadn't enough petrol, and wrote to the *Partisan Review* "The Labour Party is betraying its trust. I have to bicycle a mile and a half for my groceries. We old-established country squires are being wronged" (or words politically leaving that impression).'

The alleged quotation, from beginning to end, was invented by Empson, and the qualifying phrase in brackets does not diminish the effect of this slanderous fabrication. The article to which he refers appeared in *Partisan Review* in November 1947. It discussed the Labour government's decision to abolish the petrol allowance for private motoring, and pointed out that it compelled the little man to lay up his family car or motor bike, whereas – 'the squire has his farming allowance and will be seen driving about the countryside as before, by using the simple dodge of putting a sack of potatoes or pig-food into the dicky to prove that he is on some farming errand. In industrial areas the directors, managers, executives, etc, will have their business allowance. . . . From the point of view of the working man-in-the-street it is still "they" who flit past him in their cars'.

As a Labour sympathiser with some Continental experience, I treated petrol rationing as one among several examples that the Labour Party had 'lost touch with social reality and the mood of the country . . . If, within the next year, the Labour government still retains sufficient vitality to change its leadership, both in spirit and in body, the downward trend may still be halted; if not, 1950 will see the Conservative Party . . . reinstated in power. The British Labour victory was the last chance of the social-democratic movement in our time; if it is lost, it means that a Tory England allied to a Gaullist France will, for better or worse, tackle the European problem which Socialism has been unable to solve.'

I had to quote at some length because to pin a lie is a more laborious undertaking than to utter it, and because of the wider political insinuation contained in the bracketed phrase.

I expect your reviewer to apologise in unambiguous terms for imputing to me words which I never wrote and opinions which I never held or expressed. I equally expect you, Sir, to express your regret for having published in your columns a review containing a faked quotation, the effect of which on your readers cannot fail to be damaging to the author's reputation and to hold him up to contempt and ridicule. The remainder of the review serves the same purpose by similar methods, but this the reader can discover by comparing the text of the book with the reviewer's version of it; whereas a forged quotation from an unobtainable magazine dated 1947 might be taken on trust.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

8 Montpelier Square
SW7

[PROFESSOR EMPSON *writes*: 'The sentences in quotation marks were meant to be a parody of the article in *Partisan Review*, which I had not seen since it was new. I thought I had made this clear and I am sorry if they were taken as a quotation, and for suggesting that Koestler used words "politically leaving that impression". I agree that unchecked reminiscing is a bad thing, since one's memory is likely to play one false, as it has admittedly done in this case.'

We are sorry that what we considered to be an ironical paraphrase of the article by Mr Koestler in fact deviated so far from it in letter and spirit, and we readily apologise to him for seeming to impute to him words or sentiments which were not his. – Ed., NS.]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR, – I share Mr Solomon's wish to reduce the number of deaths caused by murderers (though deaths caused by motorists are a far more serious problem). One can agree that the humane killing of Straffen would make the world marginally safer, but this is probably out-weighed by the danger from murderers who escape through the unwillingness of juries to convict. This unwillingness is a direct result of capital punishment, which leads to the degree of proof required in murder cases being much greater than for other crimes. It is unlikely that Hume would have had the opportunity to shoot a Swiss bank clerk had he not been given the benefit of the doubt in the Setty case. A conviction in some gang-killing cases might have been far more likely had the gallows not overshadowed the proceedings at the trial.

The only way to reduce the death rate from murder substantially is to diagnose murderers before they commit their crimes. We are hardly likely to achieve this if we destroy, however humanely, the clinical material.

M. E. TAIT

Whitby House
Norfolk Road
Dorking

UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

SIR, – My letter evidently hit CND on a sensitive spot; and it is significant that out of the flood of replies from outraged unilateralists the NEW STATESMAN could apparently find none to publish more convincing than those from Ritchie Calder and Alan Taylor.

Mr Calder's letter is long but obscure. Does he himself believe that Britain should renounce nuclear weapons unconditionally? It is not at all clear. If he does, it is perfectly fair to call him a unilateralist. If he does not – if he believes that Britain should only renounce these weapons if others do – he is a multilateralist and ought not to be in CND. Either viewpoint can be held by an intelligent person: but they cannot both be held by an intelligent person simultaneously. As a dreadful warning of the results that come from trying we have only to study the equivocation of Ritchie Calder's own conclusion: 'There is no hypocrisy: we say that as Britain's contribution to general disarmament we should start by reducing the risks of nuclear war – unconditionally.'

Alan Taylor's letter is short and clear, and contradicts Ritchie Calder's. Mr Taylor rightly recognises the difference between the unilateralist and multilateralist approach and comes out plainly for the unilateralist one. And he obligingly illustrates my statement that CND supporters disparage the prospects of multilateral disarmament by himself writing: 'If the opponents of CND can get general disarmament some other way, good luck to them. *They have not had much success so far*' (my italics).

It is true that the multilateralist approach has failed so far. But the prospects are by no means hopeless; and Mr Taylor's defeatism, so characteristic of CND, is certainly premature. A multilateral nuclear convention may quite possibly be signed this year.

If a tests convention *is* signed, it will be largely due to Britain's own contribution to the negotiations; and unilateralists might note that if we had not had nuclear weapons we should never have been at the conference at all. Our influence on its proceedings would have been negligible, like India's and Yugoslavia's.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons

THE CIVIC TRUST

SIR, – I am puzzled and vaguely alarmed by your Town Planning Correspondent's description of the Civic Trust as an organ of the Conservative Establishment. Is this really correct? I understand that Mr Hugh Gaitskell is one of the trustees. Well, I suppose that by now he must be part of the Establishment. But how about the other associates of the Civic Trust? How about Victor Feather of the TUC? And Norman Tillett of Norwich? And Barnett Stross of Stoke? Are they part of the Establishment too?

If the Civic Trust – together with its slightly peevish rival, the Town and Country Planning Association – are both suspected of subversive activities and on the list of organisations proscribed by Transport House, I really think we ought to be told.

ELIZABETH DAVIES

Ormesby

[*Our Correspondent writes:* I am sorry my jocular reference to the Civic Trust has given offence, but even *The Times* recently described the Trust as 'the Establishment's incarnation of the anti-uglies . . . launched by a Minister in the palace of an archbishop.' – Ed., NS.]

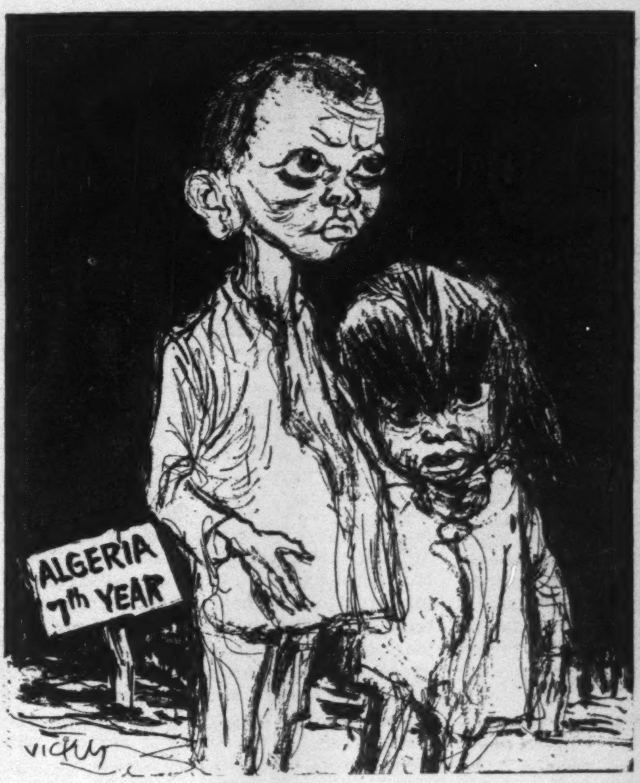
LOVE IN RUSSIA

SIR, – In his recent article on 'Love in Russia' Alexander Werth cites a passage about overcrowding. I have myself long held that one of the main factors in the Soviet inhibitions about sex is the housing shortage. With people packed closely together, a rather strict code is necessary if there is not to be sexual chaos. I recall, after seeing Arbuzhov's excellent play *Wandering Years* in Moscow, that I argued with my Russian companion that Arbuzhov had unfairly weighted things against his lovers by bringing them in the last act back to the man's family-house in Moscow, so that a 'moral' ending was assured. The Russian soon proved to me that I was wrong and that with the difficulties in accommodation the lovers would have had no choice. The play dealt with immediate post-war conditions; but in a general way the link of housing and moral pressures still remains.

The same day as I read Mr Werth's article I received a letter from a Soviet student sending some articles of his on my work, in which, among other things, he referred to Freudian influences. In his letter he said in almost Mr Werth's words that 19th-century Russian writers were highly moral and ignored sex, and that he was still 'disgusted' with the passages in my writing. But he added, surprisingly, that now he had only a 'half-wavering rejection' of Freud.

JACK LINDSAY

Castle Hedingham



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"Among the 280.000 refugees, there are thousands of destitute orphans, some mere babies, found wandering alone near the frontier. Many of these children have witnessed the shooting of their parents, brothers and sisters." — "In the coming winter still more will die if help is not forthcoming."

—New Statesman, Oct. 22.

Who cares?

Algerian refugees now suffer more acutely than ever. Their desperate need will continue for a long time, even if the general situation improves. Please share a little of your comparative plenty. This, we know, is no answer to the Algerian problem; but to the child who may die if help does not come quickly, to those without shelter, work or food, it is the answer that matters now. Within days your gift can be giving someone the chance they may never have if you do not help.

What you have enabled us to do:

Send a £1,500 mobile clinic; help equip children's homes and trade training schools; send over £1,000 worth of medical supplies; provide large quantities of supplementary food and blankets; give £1,000 to found a 'Children's Village' near Casablanca; provide work and something to sleep on with £1,000 for grass palliasses, bring an injured child to England for treatment.

Help one of these projects now:

NEW STATESMAN readers have helped Algerian refugees magnificently. But because the need is still so great we ask you to help again. The most urgent needs are: a home for TB and under-nourished girls (Nurses and building available at Ifrane, Atlas); equipment for wood and metal-work training schools: a Pestalozzi-type Children's Village in Morocco (£5,000 needed); support for old people's homes – and for destitute students; money for supplementary food; and funds to bring more injured children here for treatment.

Please send your contribution now, to:

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Arrivals and Departures

JAMES CAMERON

For many years of my life I was by trade a traveller. The word has lately gone somewhat out of use except among salesmen and sub-editors; its robust associations sort ill with contemporary tourism in pressurised fish-tins. Nevertheless I was about as near as my generation could get to being a professional traveller; for I spent 20 years hurrying or plodding or blundering about the world in many circumstances of pleasure and dismay, and now and again it was fun. Even today, in moments of especial disaffection for my homeland, driven to despair by some indefensibly bloody aspect of the British way of life, I find myself seized by the old fret, and wishing that I were on the trot again.

To counter this useless mood is quite easy. I imagine myself back in one of many characteristic situations made bleakly familiar over the years. I am in a second-class hotel in, say, Baghdad, which insists that I leave next day. Some absurd reason or other compels me to make for, shall we say, Mozambique, which demands a visa, as do two other countries through which I must necessarily transit. Each demands the previous endorsement of the other. The airlines are solidly booked for a week, or claim to be. I have no exit permit, and since it is one of five varieties of public holiday the appropriate bureau is shut for three days. My yellow-fever certificate is about to expire, and I have nothing left to read. In the course of counting my blessings, I detect the first irremediable stirrings of gyppy tummy.

These disadvantages are far from being all that come to mind, but they are enough to bring me back to reality thanking God I am as I am, waiting here in the rain for the No 11 bus. When I get back to my threadbare dwelling I shall look at the travel literature without regrets, and read the zestful tales of my footloose colleagues without rancour. I know all about *them*. There are other faces to the wide world than sun and sea and sights. There are consulates and Customs, babus and bureaucrats, forms and frustrations, currency controls, censors, Indefinite Delays, race relations, morning sickness, Lebanese taxi-drivers, Turkish toilets, colonial cooking...

Much skill and charm has gone into the art of travel-writing, but anti-travel writing is a neglected form, and tends to be snide. For myself, cynicism is foreign to my nature, which is trusting to the point of simplemindedness. I believe what I read in the travelures and boat-bait, because I have reason to know they are truthful, as far as they go. They are *too* truthful. It is my experience that there are no longer any surprises; the prints and pamphlets have shown it all before. With what tedious insistence do famous places ape the cinema! New York is like New York; the Taj Mahal is a wedding-cake; Bangkok rings with temple bells; the jungle is hot and damp, and the desert is otherwise; the Blue Lagoon is, without question, blue. Only here and there, if you get about enough, are the consoling disillusionments: an Argentine nightclub, dull and prim as a café in Manchester; the Street of the Story-Tellers on the North-West Frontier, blocked with smoking jeeps and Pathans with umbrellas; the beach at Waikiki, all juke-boxes and Rotarians.

There are not really enough of these inconsistencies, however. As a rule things are far too true to their PR image. I met Suzie Wong in Hong Kong years and years ago. The last time I was on the Orient Express it was indeed visibly congested with secret agents. The average Japanese official is undeniably inscrutable. The Muscovites do get drunk and cry. World-famous edifices do look exactly like the little models in ivory. Why go all that way to check?

There is nothing the matter with places; only people. Sometimes the thought of foreigners makes me sentimental; sometimes it brings out the Uncle Matthew in me. Now that I must quit travelling, and live alongside the weird English, I compensate by dwelling on the inadequacy of aliens. Maybe some of my best friends have been aliens, but that does not really excuse them. It is abroad, where they constitute a majority, that aliens come into their own.

There is this question of visas. The notion that aliens can insist on giving people permission to enter other countries is comparatively new, and naturally growing as more and more Foreigners cease to regard themselves as such, and become Nationals of this or that. It is also the case that the more obscure and remote a place is, the more troublesome it is to obtain its visa, particularly when it is going through some popular uprising, or *coup d'état*, or tribal disagreement, as usually proves to be the case.

You may not have too much trouble getting your visa for the US (though if you do it tends to be real trouble) but just try to get one in a hurry for, say, Vietnam. The Soviet Union today may be dense with tourists from Macclesfield and Missouri, but to get a chit for Albania, for instance, is virtually out of the question, since there is now practically nowhere on earth where you can begin to apply for one.

This principle – Scholtz's Law of the Inaccessibility of Trifling Places – is not inviolable, but holds good in general terms. I once created a record, I think, by getting a Soviet visa – via Siberia, if you please – in ten minutes flat (though to be sure I had to go to Peking for it). Thereafter the whole journey was held up a week because the Outer Mongolian consul could not make up his mind to let me through Ulan Bator. The fact that this official spoke nothing whatever but Outer Mongolian, or whatever it is, had much to do with the unfruitfulness of our debates. Only when a Chinese interpreter was eventually found did it emerge that the Consul had been under the impression that I wished to go and *live* in Ulan Bator, which even to him seemed an unreasonably fanciful proposition. As for a transit visa across the Gobi Desert, he had

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never heard of such a thing; anyone who was fool enough to go just went.

This is the sort of continual situation that the travel-brokers rarely stress. You are in somewhere like Saigon, as so often happens, or perhaps Phnomh-Penh; anyway a national capital furnished with all the established diplomatic time-wasting machinery of immigration sections and consular anterooms and formula-factories of one kind and another, all greatly multiplied in complexity and importance since this is the kind of place whose only national industry is playing off against each other the contending pressures of West and East.

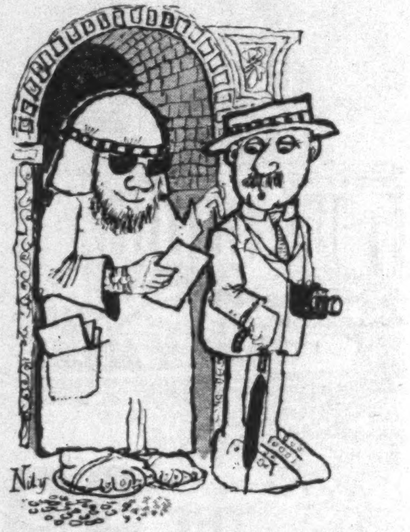
For some reason which at the time seems imperative, even though in retrospect it may well appear wholly imbecile, you have to move on to some other place of competitive awkwardness – it could be Djakarta, say, or Hanoi, or Taipeh. There may have been difficulties enough getting into wherever you are, but getting out will be worse, since not only will the formalities be even more recondite, but almost certainly it will be the Hindu festival of Holi, or the Muslim Id, or the Christian weekend, or whatever it is the Buddhists have – anyhow, everything will be shut. I recall very few emergencies in the Far East where the week did not have at least three sabbaths, and frequently four. This is a great easement to the lives of the diplomatic community, and compensates them for the certainty of no professional advancement. It is a very marked bore to the traveller.

The next problem will of course be currency. You may be very rich or otherwise, but you may be sure that at the moment of your departure all your resources will be in some bogus-looking money called the *changh*, or the *djith*, which is rejected with ironic contempt everywhere else on earth.

There will also be some ferocious ordinance against exporting so much as a shillingsworth of this valueless stuff, so that when you finally do reach the airport they will insist on your spending your remaining trifle there and then, usually on some sickening curio from the stall kept for that purpose by the brother of the customs supervisor. Having done so, you will be told that you have no Export Permit for your purchase, and in consequence must surrender it on leaving. So you do, without regret; as you depart you observe the gruesome teak dragon restored to its place on the stall, to resume its useful place in the planned economy.

There are also hotels. I do not know how you feel about hotels, but I have spent the best years of my life in them, and while I make no special claims to anything in the field of human endeavour, I do reckon to know more about the world's really bad hotels than any contender of my weight. I will not develop this theme, on which I am an outstanding authority, albeit repetitious. Furthermore, be the hotels good or bad, it is one of the cardinal principles of contemporary travel, in all countries, at all seasons, in every variety of circumstance, that one shall arrive at the moment when the hotels are solidly booked for the precise period of one's intended stay. I have given some thought to this phenomenon, which in my experience extends across the earth. There is no explanation.

I personally became adjusted to this long ago, and to the ancillary stratagems: the imaginary delayed telegram, the clerical error, the invocation of the manager or – with caution, as this has been known to work both ways – the press. Somehow one always gets in somewhere. The moment one has done so, one is rung up by an old and valued friend, whose husband has just left on a business trip, and whose accommodation is twice as big and half as dear.



It is perhaps a partial cause of my anti-movement theme that I have had to do most of my travelling in aeroplanes. Sometimes I used to feel that my total life was spent tethered to an inclinable seat beside a circular window, peering without pleasure at an unrecognisable projection of the planet, listening with inexpert anxiety to the mutter of machinery I neither understood nor trusted. After a million miles I understood it no better; the theory of aerodynamics is simple and reasonable, but there is still no answer to the question of how the wings stay on. Once I even learned to fly aeroplanes; it did no more than give me that much extra insight into the possibilities of mischance.

My great ambition, therefore, was ships; I longed above all things to eat and drink my way across the Atlantic in the manner of famous folk, in a Liner. For some reason there never seemed enough time for this; the various organisations that employed me all shared the conviction that unless I was rushing about in circumstances of demonstrable panic I was wasting time, and air travel always had at least that quality of unpredictable scurry.

There came a time, however, when no arguments applied; I had finished my work in America and nothing awaited me at home but leisure. For the first time, after many projectile-crossings of that ocean, I booked myself in a Cunarder. I was actually on the point of boarding with my friends when the telegram arrived, demanding in outrage to know who the hell I thought I was, and that I should seek the soonest aircraft.

This I resentfully did. I left that evening in an aeroplane that was forced down by weather at Boston, that ran an engine at Gander, that was held up at Keflavik, that was finally diverted to Prestwick . . . Thus I at last arrived in London by railway, five days later, and so to Waterloo for my country train home, at the exact moment when the American boat-train arrived. Haggard, unshaven, unslept, I encountered my friends from the liner – hearty, bronzed, relaxed with good living.

These days are done. There may yet be moments when the old urge returns; the nostalgia for the furtive camaraderie of the airport lounge, the embittered jostling for priority at Gate A, the taste of that homely

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Strange Waters

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Clearly there are Freudian satisfactions in bathing. They include the pleasures of breaking the taboo about clothes and responding to the loving embrace of water. But I still doubt if these fully account for my habit of seeking possible bathes wherever I go in the world. It is not as if I were a champion, or even a competent swimmer; on the contrary, I am a timid fellow in the water. I don't sink, but I can't say much more. And yet memory recalls pictures of myself ardently bathing in every ocean outside the Arctic Circle and in rivers as far apart as the Wye, the Jordan and that delightful stream that runs close to Canberra.

The attraction began early. A zest for adventure is enough perhaps to explain the passion my sister and I shared as children for exploring Welsh mountain streams to their source, stopping at every sizeable pool to strip and let a miniature Niagara cascade over us. I've never enjoyed bathing more. But this doesn't explain why on shivering summer days we would jump into a still, dark river, strewn with leaves and thick with weeds that clung to our legs like so many slimy eels. The psychology of that seems harder to explain than the minds of the old ladies who complained to the police about the indecent nudity of the boys bathing in the river; they replied, when the police pointed out that the bathing place was too far away for them to see anything, that, on the contrary, they could see everything with opera glasses.

We seem to have got this business of nudity all wrong. On the cold, painful pebbles that line the southern shores of England millions of holiday-makers dress and undress in close proximity. Only agonising contortions enable them to do this without violating their own strange code of decency. For my part I can't help thinking that the Japanese, who bathe in frank nudity, are more sensible.

The Englishman in Japan is likely to get into trouble. One such traveller told me how he found himself bathing *à deux* in a small bath with a lady as naked as himself. Feeling that some recognition of her charms was expected he made a pass at her, only to bring down on his head a sharp rebuke for his licentious and ungentlemanly behaviour. An hour later she came smiling to his bed. When he tactfully asked her to explain his former rebuff she said: 'I can't understand you stupid English. Is it not obvious that a bath is a place to bathe in and a bed to make love in?'

To me this seems a very proper state of mind. In a sane society, a man would not be put in the dilemma attributed, no doubt apocryphally, to Oscar Browning who, bathing on the banks of the Cam, was said to have forgotten that he was wearing only a towel when he saw male friends approaching on the river. Jumping up, he waved the towel above his head in enthusiastic greeting. Hearing female voices also approaching, he showed great presence of mind in quickly wrapping the towel around his face. Questioned about this conduct, he explained that many in Cambridge would recognise him by his face, but that the number who would recognise him otherwise was strictly limited.

But I am wandering from my subject, which is bathing, and only incidentally nudity. Before dismissing bathing in England as a purely masochistic delight, I must in honesty say that I recall some perfect bathes from sandy coves in Devonshire. There are occasionally warm days in England, and there are beaches which do not cut your feet to ribbons. Surf bathing is possible on some fine stretches of Cornish foreshore. Once you have bathed in surf, smooth waters seem little better than a tub in your bathroom.

You need goggles and underwater equipment not to get tired of floating in the limpid waves of the Mediterranean, where nothing happens to you more exciting than to be stung by a jellyfish, or to bump into another equally lazy form also floating in the buoyant sea. But I must be careful here not to forget the Aegean. One of my most memorable bathes was in a wonderful bay from which, Homer tells us, a contingent of ships sailed to help in the rescue of Helen from Troy. I recall it from more than 30 years ago when I was staying with the Noel-Bakers in Euboea. I doubt if it had changed since Homer's day. It had all that still undisturbed and ancient beauty which I have met nowhere in the world except in Greece.

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For lesser bathers, all the Australian coast is fine. You need not, it seems, feel alarmed by the sharks which wait for the unalert. In some places there are nets arranged so that a prowling shark may eye the bathers hungrily – or so I suppose for I never saw one – while they take their time, toothsome mortals disporting themselves in what the sharks must regard as their own water. In other bays there are no nets but flags to mark your safe limits, and bands of sturdy young men who watch from towers for a fin in the water and warn you of danger, or, if you swim too far, come out in swift boats to rescue you. As a form of voluntary service I greatly admire this organisation.

Bathing for pleasure is a modern pastime. But in this generation it has spread so rapidly that in most parts of the world you must search diligently for seclusion. But African water, at least on the Atlantic side, is still mainly virgin. I know a bay where African fishermen will take you out in their boats and drop you overboard for a few pence, reliably fishing you out and bringing you back if you don't swim ashore. But that is a European form of pleasure and an African way of catering for it.

It is sometimes said that Africans have not yet learnt to bathe for fun and, believing this, Europeans are surprised when Africans begin to make their own arrangements and, like so many British bourgeois at Brighton, bring their families to spend Sunday afternoon by the sea. So before too long, I suppose, long stretches of these many miles of unbroached foreshore will be lined with huts and cars and babies and unclothed men and women, mainly black, with some readily tolerated Europeans thrown in to show there is no ill feeling.

Lagos, Accra and Monrovia all provide fine but dangerous bathing. As dangerous, I should say, as crossing the street in London. Both adventures involve many casualties. With proper precautions, however, you may still go unafraid. So ferocious is the undertow, they tell me, that a big wave will carry paddling children out to sea if their parents don't watch, and it is unwise for adults to venture beyond their waist depth. Even so, big breakers knock the stuffing out of you, and on one beach where I bathed I was glad to have a rock between me and the open sea. I came back that day, I remember, with my eyes smarting from the salt, my body scratched in a score of places where the waves had dragged me along the sand, my whole body tingling and exhilarated and my mind released by a fine frenzy of joyous struggle.

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I said there must be something about bathing apart from its obvious delights, If you still doubt it, read one of those advertisements that tell you how much to pay for a perfectly good swimming bath made of Fibreglass in your own back garden. Not too desperately expensive, always ready on a warm day, no crush on the shore, no parking problem, nudity at will – what could be better? You can even have the water warmed if you can afford it. All the pretty girls will come bathing at your invitation; it sounds ideal, and you will have no trouble with trains and landladies and planes and foreign food. But I shall need to be very old before I call that bathing.

Ports of Call

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Two long voyages in a year have convinced me that a fortnight at sea is enough: the distractions of shipboard life then begin to pall, unless you are a steady drinker, dancer or card-player. It is the ports which punctuate the journey that make or mar it. But, too often, you see more of a port in a shipping line's brochure than you do from their ship. Shaw Savill, whose *Southern Cross* offers a round-the-world cruise as well as a means of travelling to South Africa, the Antipodes or Central America, run the vessel to a timetable which gives dawn-to-dusk calls in some ports and two-day stopovers in Capetown, Sydney and Wellington. Some other lines are less considerate, and omit to point out that their ship arrives at Las Palmas, for instance, at midnight, and sails before daylight, that the call in Aden may barely give you time to get away from the dockside touts, or that the vessel puts in miles from town, as at Adelaide or Port Kewfik in Suez.

The long-distance traveller should check such details before sailing as carefully as he enquires about his cabin or possible shore excursions. (The trouble with otherwise attractive cargo boats, whose table and comfort are superb, is that you may stop too long or too seldom.) The cruise passenger is at an advantage here: the cruise is designed to give a reasonable time ashore at the various ports of call. His problem is to pick the right cruise. The choice depends on what he is willing to pay – as in the case of hotels, add at least £25 to the charge to cover incidental expenses on a fortnight's holiday – on the season, and on personal taste. Prices range from the luxury-plus, such as the *Andes* voyage of 52 days to the Caribbean (£495 minimum) and the *Olympia*, 48 days from Southampton round the Mediterranean and Black Sea (£355) down to a modest six days on the *Duke of Lancaster*, £26 for the round trip to Holland and Belgium. The most common rates vary from about £70, tourist or one class, to £130.

This is more expensive than the all-in holiday, charter flight out and home, at a hundred Mediterranean resorts, and the cruise passenger perhaps takes a greater risk with weather, heartily gregarious fellow-passengers, and even his sightseeing, than the holiday-maker who plumps for a hotel and a beach. But there is a welcome and sensible trend towards a compromise. This year Horizon – which pioneered in this field – offer a Comet

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flight to Athens, nine days at an Athens hotel, and a five-day cruise to Crete, Rhodes, Patmos, Delos and Mykonos (120 guineas), and the Asisa Line, using small motor yachts, such as the 16-passenger *Swiss Miss*, flies passengers to the Riviera for a cruise to Elba, Sardinia and Corsica (85 guineas). Small vessels are possibly the best way to see the Mediterranean ports: there are fewer passengers to swarm ashore all at one time; they can get in to anchorages which larger ships cannot use; and, as I learnt on a trip to the Barrier Reef last year on a 140-ton motor-cruiser, the boat that carries about 20-30 passengers is small enough to make you feel it is your own, and permit real informality, yet large enough for comfort and amenities. But the delightful thing about most Mediterranean ports is that the dock is usually close to town – consider Naples, Genoa, Messina, Palma or Barcelona – and you can be away from even a large liner in a matter of a few minutes walk.

I have not made one of the Hellenic cruises through the Greek islands, but I hear glowing reports from friends who have done so. The points of call being relatively close, most nights are spent at sea and the days ashore, an admirable combination which is certainly the most pleasant and painless way of seeing the ancient world and being coached in its history and culture at the same time. The cost varies with accommodation, from about 95 guineas for dormitory berths to over £300 for luxury cabins: the charge includes rail travel to Venice and shore excursions led by distinguished scholars.

The Greeks have organised their tourist services admirably, and the 'swarms' now said to go to the islands may be no more than 100-strong. And the eastern Mediterranean is fast catching up on the Adriatic. How long will it be before the superb Turkish riviera at Antalya is as crowded as Dubrovnik? It has, of course, a longer summer. A friend was bathing there in late November last year.

For those who do not know the Adriatic, the *Sea Queen* 13-day cruise from Venice down the Dalmatian coast at £66 (fares from London additional) is an easier way of making a trip that is more colourful but more trying if you go steamer-hopping as the fancy takes you on the regular Yugoslav coastal service. There is a more expensive (£130) three-week voyage on the *Meteor* which starts from Venice and takes in Greece and the islands, Antalya, Alexandria, Malta and Tunis, ending at Dover. And there are a good many ships – especially P & O/Orient – on the traditional cruise circuit to the Canaries, Madeira, Casablanca and Lisbon: these run at about £100 upwards.

Cruise enthusiasts seem to go for sunshine and sea as much as scenery. But for those who are prepared to take risks with the weather the Norwegian coast is still the most spectacular in Europe, and parts of it can be seen only from the water. Several Norwegian companies specialise in the area, offering connections from Newcastle to express coastal steamers starting from Bergen: the coastal journey itself takes 12 days, and rates range up from £70 for the round trip from Newcastle. The Clipper Line vessel *Stella Polaris* offers a similar but rather more luxurious version of the same journey for upwards of £130 from Harwich. The Bergen Line has, in addition to its special *Meteor* cruises at midsummer to the fiords, Spitzbergen and Leningrad, a wide variety of inclusive holidays – many under £50 – that

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combine the North Sea passage, some coastal sailing, coach journeys and hotel accommodation. Some of these seem to me the most convenient way to see what is geographically the toughest country in Europe for the tourist.

Sea cruises, however, are not the only holidays afloat. Cornelder's have 'botel' holidays up the Rhine from Amsterdam to Karlsruhe and back (65 guineas for 15 days); fast river steamers to Basle (32 guineas return, 6½ days up and 3½ days back); and yacht-charters in a variety of European ports for parties up to eight in number at a cost of £75 for each person for three weeks, including air travel, food and fuel, with crews provided. For the stay-at-homes, there are the Broads, where Blake's specialise in rentals of cruisers and yachts at rates running from £7 to £12 for one person for a week, and a number of firms now rent boats or provide tours on British canals – some by horse-drawn barge, surely the most leisurely vacation now possible.

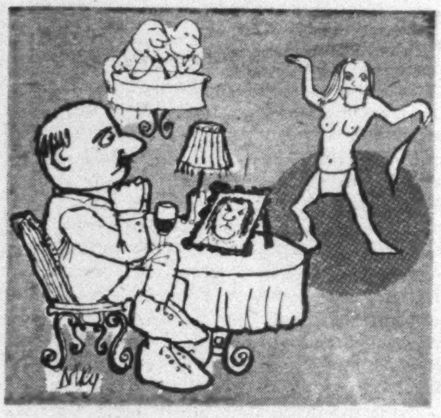
Looking through the sailing dates and the brochures I am left with one impression. The old-fashioned sunshine cruise on ocean liners between long-haul seasons may still account for the greatest number of cruising customers. But it is not the cheapest way of spending two weeks on the water, nor does it offer as much time ashore or as many ports of call as some of the less expensive but more unusual trips that the ingenuity of travel agents has now devised. As roads become more choked, and beaches crowded, the way to get away and around is by boat – especially in the Mediterranean, easily reached by air or train and rimmed by ports and beaches that have not been wholly engulfed by the tidal waves of tourism.

Past the Mirage

ANTHONY CARSON

You only have to go a few miles outside Arles to discover, suddenly, a new and unexpected world. The gardens and the tall trees and the coffee-coloured buildings have gone; you are face to face with the primeval, a land without smiles or decoration, flat, gleaming with marshes and shallow lakes, specked with thorn bush, a place of loneliness and haunting desolation. And over it blows a rough sweet breeze spiced with marsh reeds and the tang of salt. This is the Camargue. It is like nowhere else in France, probably nowhere in Europe. There is a small memory of Norfolk, a certain sort of bleakness which repels some and enslaves others.

It is not only the landscape which is strange and out of step with the romantic subtleties of the French countryside, but the character of the people. In a sense, this character is out of tune. It is feudal and intensely individualistic at the same time, and at the top level is largely and genuinely influenced by the age of the troubadors. But the Camargue, and its way of life, have two very present enemies. One, of course, is the two-day tourist, whether he comes from Pittsburgh, Marseilles or Birmingham, for whom the bogus curio shops abound and the prices rise to the stars. The other, more lethal still, is the advent of rice cultivation, ever increasing, and eventually threatening to swallow up the entire territory, the ivory towers, flamingos, sacred bulls and the kind of vigorous chivalry which, I am certain, exists nowhere else in the world. Therefore, I say, little time remains for the Camargue, as the Camargue, to be explored by right-minded people, not for a mere stock tourist's two days.



I first visited the Camargue during the first of the two yearly pilgrimages of the gypsies to Les-Saintes-Maries de la Mer. This is their only free town in Europe, where they are accepted as citizens in their own right, and where they have their own gypsy saint, Sarah (mainly invented, let it be said, but transubstantiated and immanent in the summer mirages of the Camargue). I stayed in the house of a retired lighthouse keeper and his wife, both partially deaf from the howl of wind and storms, living in a disused kitchen shared by cockroaches and scorpions. Since my hosts never spoke to each other or to me below the pitch of midnight fog-horns, I began to shout too, and the house echoed like a perpetual lighthouse in a gale. But, this apart, they were charming people and good friends. Eventually they invited me to meals and introduced me to local people in the town, most of them splendid practical jokers, as, for example, in the way that a certain café proprietor shouted 'It's going to rain' whenever I entered his establishment.

One day Monsieur Morel, my host, asked me to come out with him and his wife to a house in the countryside where they were having a celebration. It was being given by an important landowner of the Camargue, with all kinds of guests, including the present King of the Gypsies. His wife and himself were going as cooks, and I was to go in the capacity of furniture remover. This struck me as ideal, not because of some inherent anti-snobbish element in my character, but because I loathe the smooth transit from tourist hotel to tourist hotel, the eternal view, the Anglo-French breakfast. My hosts, thank God, did not know what I was doing in the Camargue, did not suspect that I had intellectual pretensions, accepted the fact that I wanted to live as live can. In fact, a second guest had appeared in the house, a young Dutch lawyer who had suddenly thrown up his prospects, and was earning money netting shell-fish.

We set out for the house, about five miles away, in a horse and cart stacked with meat and vegetables. This house was called a *Mas*, a sort of rustic dwelling, thatched with straw, but very comfortable and even luxurious, in a rough sort of way. I was taken into the kitchen and, after I had stacked up a huge number of chairs, my attention was drawn to the maids, not only very pretty, but dressed in terribly fetching Provençal costume with little lace caps on their dark hair, exquisite dove-cots for gay, giggling doves. I had begun flirting with one of them, when a lady entered the kitchen and asked me what I was doing. 'Helping with the furniture' I said, rather guiltily. 'Nonsense' she said 'Come into the dining room and join the other guests.' This lady was the hostess. That is the Camargue, and as such I will never forget it.

There were two tables in the dining room, one for the principal guests, and the other for the cowboys (*guardiens*). There was no class distinction in this, it was ancient custom. After lunch, there were toasts and every guest had to make a speech, myself included, and however bad my French was, overcome and fuddled by wine and emotion, I received my share of applause. The other table, the cowboy table, responded with songs and poems. Some of these poems were in praise of the host, but most of them, songs and poems, were in homage to the champion bull of the time, Vovo. Luckily I could share in this homage, because I had once seen this noble bull fight, although it was not his best performance ('ruined by love' another spectator told me, 'and commercial love at that'. He explained this statement by alluding to the fact that his owner had lent him out, too often, for very hard cash. Yet a third impending corruption of the Camargue). Now, alas, Vovo is dead, but he has his shrine, and his odes.

It should be understood that the Camargue bull is never killed, if anything he kills; he forms part of an exquisite gymnastic display, where trophies are extracted from his horns, at great peril, and then he returns to his pastures, never sadder, but infinitely wiser. And unlike the Spanish bulls which are also bred here, and which only live to die, he behaves with gentlemanly decorum in his home fields, reserving his spectacular savagery for the bullring.

Apart from practical jokes, votive bulls, tremendous hospitality and the strange hieratic flights of rosy flamingos across the tall sky, there is another strange, unearthly aspect of the Camargue. These are the mirages of the early and late summer. They are found along the deserted coast, towards the mouth of the Rhone, and are caused by salt deposits and the heat of the sun. The effects are incredibly weird. The waves of the sea roll up to your feet, when, in actual fact, they are half-a-mile away, and houses and whole towns are turned upside down in nightmare beauty.

Quite a frequent direction given in these parts consists of these words 'Turn to the left past the mirage'. This is the Camargue.

Travel Books

Not all travel books are for travellers. Some journey vicariously, some seek nostalgic recall on the cold dark nights. For these, James Morris caters admirably in *Venice* (Faber. 30s.), and a variety of less skilled hands are always at work writing traveller's tales. One of the best recently is Wright Miller's *Russians as People* (Phoenix House. 25s.) which is good reading whether you can get to Moscow this year or not. Those who do will find good street and museum guides.

Communist countries are now more forthcoming about maps. Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Bulgaria and Rumania all publish tourist guides and road maps. Even Albania offers a guide published in French. All these, and excellent Yugoslav publications, from Collet's Holdings.

The motorist always needs his Baedeker and Michelin. The new Baedeker *Auto Guide to Spain and Portugal* (Allen & Unwin. 32s.) is first-class. On the way, rely on the Michelin *Pyrenees.* (Daily News. 12s.) Those convinced by Anthony Carson will find Monica Krippner's *Discovering the Camargue* (Hutchinson. 25s.) a reliable companion.

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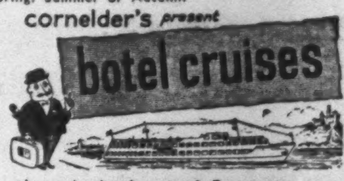

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Pevsner's Progress

JOHN SUMMERSON

'There are few branches of artistic or scientific research which have made such rapid and satisfactory progress during the last fifty years as those which serve to illustrate and elucidate the arts and architecture of bygone ages.' This is very true now; but the opinion comes not from Professor Pevsner (who would be incapable of such a gruesome sentence) but from James Fergusson, 105 years ago. It had never occurred to me to compare Fergusson and Pevsner; but with the ponderous sixth edition of Pevsner's *Outline** before me there seemed some point in taking Fergusson's ponderous *Handbook* from the shelf to see how they looked together.

To make such a comparison is not, after all, totally irrelevant. Here are two histories of architecture which, in their day, have captured the whole public susceptible to this particular branch of learning. The *Outline*, which started in 1942 as a ninepenny Pelican, has sold, in various editions, a quarter of a million copies. The *Handbook*, coming in lotus-stamped cloth from John Murray in 1855, cannot have sold more than a fraction of that; but ten years after its original publication it expanded from two to four volumes and those four were republished in 1873. It was the established history of architecture in the English language till the end of the century when, for lack of revision and photographic content, it fell into disuse.

Between the decline of Fergusson and the rise of Pevsner we had no popular work of the calibre of either. We had Sir Banister Fletcher. His extremely successful *History of Architecture on the Comparative Method* started as a very modest little product in 1896 but gathered momentum in successive editions through the well organised and nicely drawn series of diagrams which still makes it worth having. As an historical work it hardly counts, the 'comparative method' signifying merely that each chapter is framed on the same rigid set of headings and sub-headings. Fifty years ago this may have been welcome as an antidote to Fergusson's casual and pig-headed style of exposition; but it is not exactly the sort of thing we want today.

Fergusson, whatever his defects (and they were many), had breadth of vision and enormous drive and was the first Englishman to attempt a complete panorama of the world's architecture. The public which he captured was the public which had seen the Great Exhibition of 1851 and had probably renewed acquaintance with it at Sydenham, where the Architectural Courts reproduced all the historical styles for popular delight and instruction. He was an unromantic Victorian who thought the Gothic Revival and Pre-Raphaelitism about as sensible as the Eglinton Tournament and whose idea of architectural truth was crystallised in the expression 'ornamental and ornamented construction'. He thought no building since the Reformation was entirely satisfactory, but that there was hope in the Crystal Palace and some of the new cotton warehouses in Manchester.

Pevsner's public is of course the 'new reading public' of blitz and black-out days, a public no longer new and a public now inconceivably wealthy, if its readers can be expected to replace their yellowing paperbacks by the jubilee edition of 1960 at seven guineas. There is no reason to suppose that many of them can, and the book should perhaps be regarded as a votive celebration, in terms of the loveliest photography and reproduction imaginable, of a uniquely successful episode in architectural publishing. The original text, though somewhat expanded in the direction of German Baroque, now patters rather thinly through a palace of gorgeous gloss. The jubilee Pevsner weighs more than both volumes of Fergusson together.

Frauenkirche, Dresden

The differences between Fergusson and Pevsner are ludicrously great, even without respect for the century of time which separates them. Fergusson was an incorrigible and wildly prejudiced amateur. The professional parallel with him would be Franz Kugler of Berlin, born in the same year (1808), whose *Geschichte der Baukunst* began to appear in the year after Fergusson's *Handbook*. Kugler was a poet who became a cultural administrator and his greatest distinction is, perhaps, to have been the master of Burckhardt. Now Burckhardt was the master of Heinrich Wölfflin, and on these two names hangs nearly the whole modern German school of art-history and the tradition of *professional* writing about art and architecture. That is the tradition to which Pevsner belongs and which has equipped him to be the new Fergusson and to show architectural history to the English as they have never seen it before.

Fergusson's ambition was to be comprehensive at all costs. Although he did not achieve this in the *Handbook* he did – more or less – in the four-volume work which grew out of it and which ranges over all centuries and all nations – from pre-history to modern times, from Nineveh to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Pevsner very deliberately confines himself to Europe and even in Europe treats only of what he considers key situations and key buildings. And yet the odd thing is that we find Pevsner dealing at considerable length with buildings which escaped Fergusson altogether; and not only with buildings but with whole schools of architects extending over two or three generations.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that Fergusson, like all his contemporaries, was blind to the Baroque. He had no word for it and so could not *see* it; and the buildings to which we attach the word were to him, very largely, buildings which through the wickedness or stupidity of their builders had failed to be something else. It is curious to see him rummaging through the eighteenth century, indicating the 'unpardonable errors' of this architect and the 'frightfully bad taste' of another, and then suddenly clutch at some architectural specimen which has caught his fancy and to which he condescends to award a good mark or two. In this process Fergusson and Pevsner sometimes meet at the same point. They meet at Dresden, looking at the now vanished Frauenkirche. Pevsner, at ease with the whole German Baroque school, calls it 'irresistible'. Fergusson, never off his guard, finds it 'sufficiently graceful' and considers that 'with slight modifications it might be made very beautiful'. But the interior (what a relief!) is 'of the flimsiest construction, and in the worst possible taste'.

Architectural historians cannot resist an occasional prophetic utterance and both Fergusson and Pevsner record distinct views about the present and future, seen from their respective standpoints. Fergusson saw little but imitative stylistic chaos around him but prophesied a series of utilitarian enterprises, each improving aesthetically on the last. 'The one hope is that, having commenced at the bottom, the true system may extend upwards, and come at last to be applied to our palaces and churches.'

Perhaps in Pevsner's brilliant summary of the rise and progress of modern architecture Fergusson might see his forecast justified, though some of the detours would amaze him. While Pevsner himself is probably the first architectural historian *not* to conclude on a note of high optimism about the coming dawn. For him, dawn has not only arrived but can be firmly dated at 1900-1914. Then it was that the style of today emerged in its entirety. Between Fergusson and Pevsner architecture has grown into something wholly new. So, indeed, has the writing of architectural history.

**An Outline of European Architecture*. By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER. *Penguin. 7 gns.*

Dupe Eatherly

(*Waco, Texas, 5 December: Claude R. Eatherly, 41, pilot of the plane which led the first atomic bomber over Hiroshima, is missing from the Veteran's Administration Hospital here, where he has been a mental patient.* – Daily American.)

Dupe Eatherly, Dupe Eatherly
Whenever the sun goes down
Does it fall right straight through your head
Like Little Boy on that town?

Dupe Eatherly, Dupe Eatherly,
Stooge of that falser Truman
Why remember Hiroshima
Just as if you were human?

Dupe Eatherly, why take it
So hard to the heart?
What starts has gotta end, man,
And what ends has gotta start.

Dupe Eatherly, Dupe Eatherly
He sits in his psycho cell
The only living inhabitant
Of someone else's hell.

And when the rain falls on the window
Or the star falls out of the sky
Heavenly guilt like an atom
Falls from his nutty eye.

And when he looks down at the phantom
Shape in his sleepless bed
He sees those shadows printed on stone –
The evaporated dead.

And sometimes, just out of pity,
They let him walk the town
But that flipped good keeps shouting,
'All fall down.'

'Enola Gay* O Enola
What a fortunate chance
Joined you and me, Enola Gay,
In such a heavenly dance!'

One hundred thousand faces
Out of a tree-like cloud
Gaze at him in his veteran cell
And he cries out loud:

'I killed an entire city
Just with my little eye –
I killed it in a twinkling,
But for Christ's sake, why?'

He keeps on bawling in movies
And burgling bits from shops
So he can prove his crime is
A little thing for the cops.

So they lug him up to the Law Court.
The Magistrate leans forward:
'Take Captain Eatherly back to bed
Since he ain't back to normal.'

And in and out of the nuthouse
That dupe and scapegoat's led
With a mushroom as big as America
Growing out of his head.

Dupe Eatherly, Dupe Eatherly
Why on earth be so human?

[**This was the name given Captain Eatherly's B29.*]

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GEORGE BARKER

Murder of the Innocent?

Ten Rillington Place. By LUDOVIC KENNEDY. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The public in general regards British justice as the best in the world – an opinion which is largely justified. To regard it as infallible is nonsense. Criminal prosecutions are subject to the presumption that the defendant is innocent until proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt and this means that many guilty people are acquitted for lack of evidence. Every time that this happens it can be considered a miscarriage of justice, but the compensating principle is that it is better that 99 guilty people are acquitted than that one innocent person be convicted.

Does this presumption of innocence, which some regard as favouring the guilty too much, ensure that no innocent person is ever convicted wrongly? The names of Beck, Slater and Edalji among others give a negative answer to this question, while Edith Thompson and Mrs Maybrick were cases where guilt was hardly properly proved.

The cases of Evans and Christie have worried lawyer and layman alike for the last ten years and the simple question, was Evans guilty of murder? will be debated for years to come. Mr Ludovic Kennedy has written a very well documented account of the whole story. Several books have already been published on the same subject, notably Tennyson Jesse's in the Famous British Trials series, which contains both trials in full and is essential for anyone trying to form a dispassionate view of the case.

*

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Mr Kennedy's book presupposes that Evans was innocent and then sets out to prove it. His evidence is very strong and his arguments persuasive; but it is always almost impossible to prove a man innocent. That is why no one has to do it in our criminal courts. Every reader of this book will have to make up his own mind; and for those millions of people who enjoy reading the gruesome details of real-life murder, coupled with a problem case of great importance, it can be strongly recommended. All the relevant facts are logically and readably set out and authority quoted for every statement.

No judicial system is proof against a set of circumstances so freakish that ordinary rules and safeguards do not apply and the following short precis demonstrates how a miscarriage of justice was inevitable.

During the five years prior to 1953 a clever homicidal maniac named Christie was operating at 10 Rillington Place, North Kensington, during which time he killed at least five women, after having sexually assaulted them.

Into the same house came Mr and Mrs Evans, a newly married couple with a daughter Geraldine, who eventually quarrelled over many things including her debts and the impending arrival of an unwanted child. An abortion was discussed by Christie and the Evanses and not long afterwards Evans left the house alone and returned to his native Wales. Mrs. Evans and the baby were both killed in the house by strangling and their bodies hidden in the wash-house.

Who did these terrible acts? Evans or Christie? or both together? Evans was unfortunately a pathological liar of low intelligence, whereas Christie was to outward appearance an intelligent and respectable person.

When seen by the police Evans confessed to the killing of both his wife and baby and so was tried for murder in 1949. The case against him on the facts as then known was overwhelming. Christie impressed everyone as a witness for the prosecution and Evans's defence that Christie had done it was obviously ridiculed by the jury, who found him guilty of the murder of his daughter after a very short retirement.

At this time, of course, no one knew that Christie had already killed two women and buried them in the garden. In the three years after Evans was hanged he killed four more and hid their bodies in the house. Then in March 1953 a tenant at 10 Rillington Place discovered one of the bodies and Christie was arrested, tried and convicted of murder. He confessed to everything, including the killing of Mrs Evans, but his plea of insanity was rejected by the jury. He never admitted killing the Evans baby.

'Was Evans guilty?' immediately became in important question, and the Home Secretary appointed Mr Scott Henderson QC to conduct an inquiry on the cases. Several witnesses were seen, including Christie, who was awaiting execution, and the whole thing was concluded in a week. Mr Scott Henderson's report stated that Evans was guilty of killing both his wife and daughter.

What conclusions can undoubtedly be drawn from these facts, the full details of which are so well set out in this book?

It is obvious that Evans would have been acquitted if the jury had known Christie's true character. From this it must follow that his guilt is in doubt and a seven-day inquiry was inadequate in the circumstances of the case. Mr Kennedy in an open letter to the Home Secretary at the beginning of the book urges him to reopen the case by way in inquiry.

'For what purpose?' may be asked now that Evans and Christie are both dead. This can easily be countered by the proposition that if Evans were alive and serving a life sentence, surely the need would be obvious.

But there are far more fundamental arguments which may disturb the reader of this book. Although our legal system is not proof against occasional conviction of the innocent, each case should help us to improve that system.

In Evans's case the build-up of the case against him by the police and the prosecution ignored certain facts and the defence were hampered by ignorance of evidence in existence which would undoubtedly have helped, particularly the statements of workmen who repaired the inside of the house. In addition the police interrogation of Evans at the station is disquieting. He was already under arrest on a charge of larceny; and nowadays whenever the newspapers tell of a man being questioned for hours in a police station before a charge is made, one feels that it would be better if he were allowed a friend, either lawyer or layman, to be with him.

No individual person or body of persons in authority can be blamed if Evans was innocent. Christie was the only man who knew all the facts and he was committing perjury at Evans's trial to shield himself.

We all individually help to form public opinion and if, as is said, public opinion is by a majority in favour of retention of the death penalty, then that majority should read Ludovic Kennedy's book. It is a powerful argument for abolition.

EDWARD CLARKE

The Congo of the Mind

A Burnt-Out Case. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

This is a moralist's novel. 'I feel discomfort', writes the mysterious cabin passenger in the bishop's launch as it goes slowly through the steam heat of the Congo to the Catholic leper hospital, 'I feel discomfort, therefore I am alive.' But wouldn't he rather suffer than feel discomfort which does no more than irritate the ego? the mission doctor asks later on. Aren't the search for suffering and the remembrance of suffering perhaps 'the only means we have to put ourselves in touch with the whole human condition? Doesn't it make us part of the Christian myth?'

There you have the subject of Mr Graham Greene's new novel. The cabin passenger is ourselves. He represents the bewildered failure of feeling and imagination in our terrible world. He can face a fact; he cannot feel. The importance of Mr Greene as a novelist is that he knows the important theme.

The cabin passenger is one Querry, a world-famous Catholic architect, who has gone up the Congo to lose himself. He arrives at a leper colony. He is at the end of everything. He has a Congo in his soul. He discovers among the horrors of the leper hospital that a leper who has gone through mutilation before cure is known as 'a burnt-out case'. Querry is morally burnt-out: will he be cured? His faith had gone years ago – it was a liberation – he had abandoned his family and they had abandoned him. He was free, free from the pious fears of punishment and had been rewarded with enormous success. But, in passing from mistress to mistress he lost – if he ever had it – not only the capacity to love, but also the ability to pretend. When that went, his talent, or his interest in it, vanished. He is now left with disgust. Perhaps, by going humbly and in any capacity to the leper colony, he will at last feel pain and begin to live again.

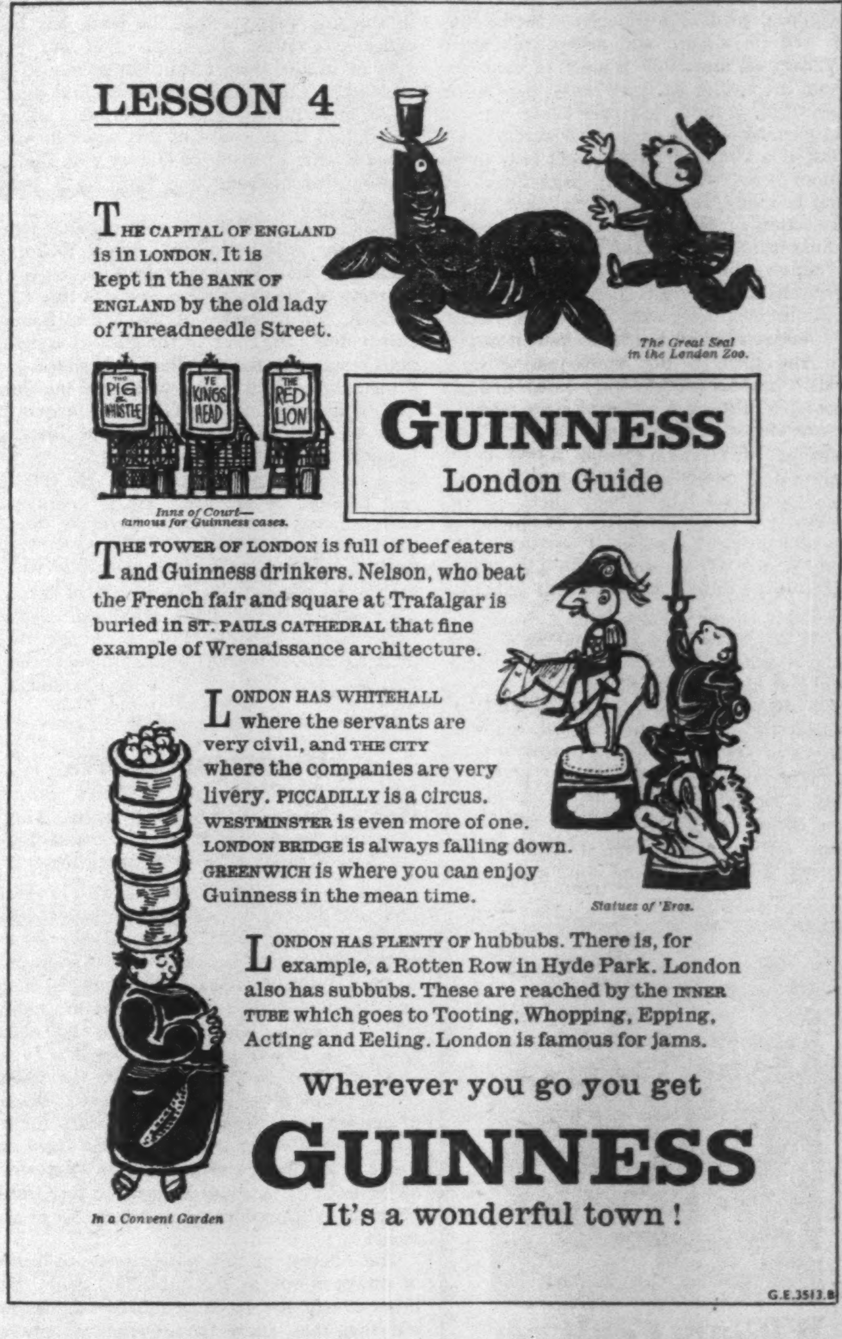
And so we see the horrors of the colony through Querry's truthful but 'vastated' temperament. The stinking wretches dance, crawl or tumble along on their stumps, they fornicate, give birth and die – not of leprosy: there are other horrors waiting for them – polio, hookworm, sleeping sickness or TB. Querry is unmoved, except for a moment, when he saves his servant's life: there is a glint of hope, but only a glint, in that. The fathers at the Mission ignore his irreligion: they are too busy with their dynamos or their carpentering. In their leisure they exasperate by their childish talk and schoolboy amusements. Marriage to God, Querry reflects, is as humdrum as any other kind of domesticity. He draws up a simple plan for a hospital, mere builder's work, well below his powers. He begins to feel a kind of bitter peace. And then this peace is destroyed: a grotesque American newshound called Parkinson bursts in on him and writes a vulgar feature on 'the architect turned saint' for the glossy Press.

For this intrusion Querry has to thank Rycker, the Belgian manager of a margarine factory, who is by far the best-drawn character in the book. Rycker hero-worships Querry at first. He is a pathetically blown-out little monster of literal Catholic orthodoxy, who blandly argues that Querry's indignant irreligion is nothing more than the 'aridity' through which many of the saints have notoriously passed. Rycker has had the meanness to marry a young Belgian girl and bring her out to the Congo as a spiritual insurance policy for himself. He is the sexual bully of the 'safe period'; he nags with moral theology.

Querry's downfall comes through this girl. One of Querry's arguments against the Church is that its warnings against sin have been hollow; now he is to be destroyed for a sin he has not committed. Rycker's silly, day-dreaming pathetic little wife is terrified of telling her husband she is pregnant and takes it into her head to say that Querry has been her lover. So, in her dreams, he has been. Rycker, whose hero-worship is envy of Querry's fame, shoots him.

Mr Greene has more ability than any other living novelist; more imagination also. The descriptions are marvellously done; the structure is perfect; every sentence has its independent life and adds to the narrative. There are dozens of phrases that delight. Although the book is slow to get going, nothing in it bores. All the same this novel is stiff. Somewhere it has gone wrong. Where is the fault? I think it lies in an extraordinary imprecision in this most precise of artists: the figure of Querry. Querry does not exist at all. He has extent but no size.

First of all the idea of a world-famous Catholic architect is implausible – politicians, doctors, writers, painters are sometimes known by their religion; but, in my ignorance, I cannot think of an architect whose religion is part of his common fame. But this is a minor point besides Querry's lack of character, defined past or history. We have only hints. He is a collection of moralisations



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Statues of 'Eros.

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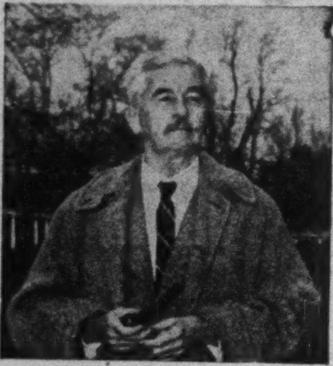
about his sins and we have only his word for it all. He is a generalisation. And, underneath, we begin to protest to ourselves that he may very well be a vain and self-pitying sentimentalist with more than a touch of vulgarity, without the author being aware of the fact or, at any rate, without the fact being brought into focus. None of the other characters reacts to him as a character. They react only to his opinion. Some would surely have found his sexual boasting, for instance, tiresome. He is a projection of one of Mr Greene's moods: the misanthropy of success. Success mutilates the natural man. Querry's comments are epigrammatically arresting, always searching and sometimes profound; he has an exceedingly *readable* mind, but it doesn't belong to him. And there is one embarrassing scene in which he tells his life story as a fairy tale to young Mrs Rycker, which is quite uncritically considered. It is very near James Barrie.

Why has Mr Graham Greene, so technically accomplished, erred in this way? Of course, it can be argued that he has not erred and that this is a novel of ideas, a discussion of faith and unfaith, a personal purgation. My feeling is that Mr Greene's own accomplishment has tricked him. He has lately succeeded remarkably in the theatre, and *A Burnt-Out Case* is conceived as a play not as a novel. Querry would do well on the stage: an actor would give him life. The dialogue has the snap back-and-forth of stage dialogue; it is not the dialogue of a novel. It is unlike the best dialogue of Mr Greene's own novels. It is the stereotype suitable to the didactic play. The theatre's rigidity and simplifications fix the acton of the tale; the shooting of Querry occurs with effects: tropical thunder and lightning at night. Even the lamp goes out. (I believe Mr Greene would be above that sort of thing in the theatre itself.) The word 'case' in the title suggests that the book has been conceived within the limits that are convenient in the theatre, but dangerous to the novelist. 'Case' and 'situation' are drastic stage conceptions, and Mr Greene clearly shows that he is aware of this when he compares Rycker's pursuit of Querry with the ins-and-outs of husband and lover in a Palais Royal farce.

Well – why not? I can only say that I find his earlier assimilation of cinema technique was far more life-giving; indeed, in this work, in many of the descriptive passages (the comparison, for example, of the leaves floating slowly down the river 'at the pace of crawling taxis') one sees the excellent side-slipping of a metaphor which he learned from the films. Still, if Querry fails Mr Greene as a man he does not fail as a vehicle for the ideas of courage and charity; nor does Mr Greene fail as a reporter among the lepers. He has the real courage of the eye. He is relentlessly curious and, as the richest novelists do, he uses every bit of himself. Like Querry, he scorns half-measures and probably would sooner be wrong with the whole of himself than right with only half. His experience always counts. That's why he is the most piercing and important of our novelists now.

V. S. PRITCHETT



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Historical Views

Men and Ideas. By JOHAN HUIZINGA. Translated by JAMES S. HOLMES and HANS VAN MARLE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.

This is the age of the God's-eye view, in which the critic claims not only to explain the rules to the spectators but also to the players. History is no exception; it is cheered on by a host of followers and judges, interminably preoccupied with defining the nature of the subject, whilst historians go about their work largely unmoved. The late Johan Huizinga was not of course in the camp-follower category. A distinguished historian of culture, best known in this country for his book *The Waning of the Middle Ages*, he spoke from first-hand knowledge. Yet when he came to write about history, he fared little better than the majority who lack his attainments.

The interest of this posthumous collection of essays is not, as the publishers claim, that they 'clarify the basic problems of history,' but that they show the divergence between Huizinga as practising historian and as philosopher of history. While none of the essays in the second and third sections, on the Middle Ages and Renaissance, can be regarded as more than occasional pieces of transitory interest, they do at least deal with specific questions; as such they call out Huizinga's historical skills. The general essays in the first section, on the other hand, which comprise half the book, leave his accomplishments largely unutilised; instead of marshalling his evidence within a given time and place, he slips into generalities; factual precision yields to assertion. The very limitations which, when harnessed to solving a particular problem, make for strength, become weaknesses when allowed unrestricted play. Huizinga was above all a formalist; his driving force lay in his desire to discover the modes which a particular outlook took. *The Waning of the Middle Ages* could not unjustly be described as a wide-ranging examination of the morphology – to use one of his own favourite expressions – of *Angst* in the culture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was supported by a wealth of knowledge which combined to give a new insight into the later Middle Ages. But it also suffered from the shortcomings inherent in such an approach. Huizinga often did less than justice to forms as an element in their own right: they are not simply a vehicle for a prevailing universal content, but have a specific context. For this reason he failed to recognise that the images used in the theological and philosophical speculations of the period were not directly interchangeable with those in the arts, but were rather the expression of genuine intellectual and theological problems, often of long standing.

In the two longest essays in the present book, 'The Task of Cultural History' and 'Patriotism and Nationalism,' the weaknesses in Huizinga's method become manifest. In both cases the topics are reduced to little more than formal examinations, unexceptionable but trivial, because they fail to go beyond the general meaning of their terms. We are thus in the first essay treated to ten pages on 'the concept of evolution in history' without the nature of history ever being adequately broached. Instead we are given a series of obvious discrepancies between biological evolution and historical evolution. Similarly we are told at great length, what it would seem no one doubts, that the writing of cultural history is not the same as writing for literary and aesthetic effect. It is in the essay on nationalism that this formalism shows at its worst; for by treating the term univocally Huizinga has no difficulty in showing that nationalism existed in the Middle Ages as well as in modern society. What he palpably omits is to differentiate between its import then and now and to discuss, not whether nationalism was present in the Middle Ages, but why it had none of the cataclysmic impact then that it has had for us. Huizinga stops at the point at which his analysis should have begun.

Despite incidental felicities, and the never-ceasing emphasis upon a proper perspective for the Middle Ages, these essays confirm one's conviction that there is no theory like practice, even when it is the practitioners who take to theorising.

GORDON LEFF

The Art of Sumer

Sumer. By ANDRÉ PARROT. Edited by ANDRÉ MALRAUX and GEORGES SALLES. *Thames & Hudson. 6 gns.*

The relevance for us of works of art of the past depends on the extent to which their creators can still speak to us about things which matter to us now; on the amount of common language which exists and applies now as it did at the time when the works were conceived. Two of the greatest universal qualities which we expect to find in any work of art are humanity and formal power, and the work of the Sumerians had these qualities to a marked degree. Their work is full of apparent contradictions: it is austere, yet it has sensuality; the forms are big and solid, yet it has delicacy and sensitivity; an enormous scale and monumentality, yet most of the works are small by sculpture standards; and a mystery and a magic despite the fact that most of the works are variations on a few basic ideas.

There is never a feeling, as with most other primitive cultures, of there being an academic period. With the Sumerians each work is a new formal experience, a fresh human document, and at a time when we are sated with primitive works of all periods so that much Nigerian sculpture seems to us unexciting and dull and much from Egypt and Assyria merely rhetorical, it is interesting that Sumerian sculpture still has the power to bring across that spirituality of which André Malraux speaks in his foreword to *Sumer*.

The new book inevitably invites comparison with Christian Zervos's *l'Art de la Mésopotamie*. Since it was published in 1935, this has remained the only comprehensive 'art book' on Sumerian Art (with the exception of Volume I of *L'Encyclopédie de l'Art*, published in Paris by Edition 'Tel'); from it many of us became familiar with the Sumerian collections at the British Museum and the Louvre. The Zervos book is authoritative and factual in its presentation of illustrations, most of which were full-page; and the section on Sumerian Art in the 'Tel' Encyclopaedia contained excellent photographs, extremely well produced.

André Parrot's *Sumer*, the first of a series to be published under the title of 'The Arts of Mankind' with André Malraux and Georges Salles as editors, is a different thing altogether. Dr Parrot is curator of the Sumerian Collection at the Louvre and so his selection of photographs and his commentary have authority; but one gets the impression that the publishers couldn't decide what sort of public they were concerned with; one is left with the feeling that it is to the richer ordinary man that this book is directed.

M. Malraux, we know from two of his previous books *Le Musée Imaginaire de la Sculpture Mondiale* and *The Voices of Silence*, is a man of great perception and sensibility but he is a literary man and the preface is full of those references a literary man would make, which, for me, have no relevance to the illustrations. I believe that an artist would be delighted to have any of these works not knowing anything of their history. We can feel the difference in collective outlook which produced Chartres or the Gudeas just as surely as we feel the man behind the Sistine 'Last Judgment' or the drawings of Paul Klee, and it is impossible to write of things as abstruse as sacredness without being misunderstood. There are no standards of sacredness; one is moved by something but by what I don't know; I prefer to think of it as humanity. The process of artistic creation is so complex as to make it seem pointless to conjecture how Sumerian art evolved except on a very superficial plane. M. Malraux would have us accept much that is pure romanticism.

The photographs are well chosen and of course include much that has been found since 1935, including superb works from the Museums of Aleppo, Damascus and Baghdad which we have never seen here before. But in many cases they are reproduced in a way which is the opposite of what good book-reproduction of sculpture should be. Sculpture needs space in which to exist, and every one of the illustrations has had its natural background substituted by one of flat printed black which destroys the illusion of three dimensions and space, and reduces the figures to being high reliefs floating in a sea of inky blackness. This method of reproduction usually leaves it to the blockmaker to decide the limits of the figure and we know by experience how wrong he can be in this respect.

The colour reproductions, which are in fact monochrome printings in a different colour from the background, are in shiny ink which shows up badly against the matt black background and in a few cases are of an unbelievable vulgarity. It is a failing of all the colour plates of sculpture that in certain lights the backgrounds come out in front of the sculpture, and in some cases the background has been allowed to overprint the figure, making a flattening back line all round it.

These may seem specialised objections. But the non-specialist has every right to expect in a book of these pretensions accuracy in reproductions.

BERNARD MEADOWS

Medici Society

Daily Life in Florence in the Time of the Medici. By J. LUCAS-DUBRETON. Translated by A. LYTTON SELLS. *Allen & Unwin*. 30*s*.

Classical, barbaric, exotic, and patrician – Renaissance Florence is an appropriate subject for a 'Daily Life' series that also includes Homeric Greece, Inca Peru, Hannibal's Carthage, and pre-Revolutionary Russia. Twenty-six illustrations prepare one for a vivid evocation of that warm terracotta city set in the dainty Tuscan landscape, a plain of tiled roofs dominated by Brunelleschi's friendly dome, Giotto's sauce-bottle Campanile, and the fretted fortress tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. Memories of Burckhardt set one looking for the teeming, fantasticated details of Renaissance city-life. The sources are rich and numberless: Alberti, Sacchetti, Boccaccio, Cellini, Machiavelli, Vasari, Lorenzo de' Medici himself. And yet, somehow, this manages to be a disappointing book, despite its promise.

Fundamentally, indeed, it seems to be misnamed: for it fails to give systematic treatment to Florentine daily life. Instead of dealing in turn with the appearance of the city, with home life, with work and games and manners, it appends such oddments of social life to the middle of a basically political narrative, familiar to the specialist and confusingly tedious to the layman. It says very little of clothes or furnishings or domestic architecture: its treatment of art is inadequate: its attitude to the humanists coloured too freely by modern scorn. Its translator, apparently somewhat embarrassed, has done his best to help out with lively and knowledgeable footnotes of his own, based on Italian scholarship that clearly rivals his author's. This makes it easier to forgive peccadilloes such as rendering *'ils se regardaient en chiens de faïence'* (they glared at each other) as 'they watched each other like china dogs'. It cannot, however, fully bring order out of tumult.

What does emerge, nevertheless, remains an absorbing picture: of economic ferment, political experimentation, puritan reaction under Savonarola, and a tragi-comic decadence under the later Medici. By showing the interaction of political intrigue with the hubbub of daily life, Monsieur Dubreton's untidy method is perhaps its own justification. The hubbub was seldom savoury: ladies had to be warned that 'There is nothing worse than to look clean where you are visible, and cross yourself as regards the rest.' Nor, finally, in a world of daily death and violence, was life quite as idyllic as it sometimes seems in the

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pages of Vasari. Lorenzo de' Medici's advice to 'Gather ye rosebuds' may have prefigured Herrick's; but in contemporary Florence it had more than pastoral relevance:

Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
di doman non c'è certezza.

RICHARD MAYNE

New Novels

Portrait of an Officer. By Pierre-Henri Simon. Translated by Humphrey Hare. *Secker & Warburg.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Destiny of Fire. By Zoé Oldenbourg. Translated by Peter Green. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Chautauqua. By Day Keene and Dwight Vincent. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

Realism has become very important in the modern novel; I should think that by now publishers must have ready in type the quote about Mr X evoking the true atmosphere of whatever zone he happens to be writing about. I must say at once that *Portrait of an Officer* evokes very little. It is a book about war, but it is not a book that smells of war, nor is it intended to be. The descriptions in it are matters of fact and not of realism; the mutilated bodies which M. Simon finds it necessary to describe exist only as bodies, without the shattering detail which the artist seeks for and describes. And yet this book has realism of a most important and, these days, unusual kind: it is intellectually true to a thousandth of an inch.

Portrait of an Officer is not so much a novel as a paper on the morality of war. It consists almost entirely of a conversation between two officers, and not even that 'My dear chap, you interest me very much' kind of interpolation which is such a feature of these French conversation pieces can prevent it from being completely fascinating.

Gerard Fay
PASSENGER
TO LONDON
'He has produced a dazzling book... London is his heart's delight' D. W. BROGAN, *Glasgow Herald*

John Symonds
THOMAS BROWN &
THE ANGELS
'fascinating book... with quiet irony traces the history of the Shakers and selects some splendid figures' ROBERT PITMAN, *Sunday Express*

Susan Hill's novel
THE ENCLOSURE
'I urge you to read it . . . It is astonishingly mature'
ROBERT PITMAN, *Sunday Express*

Hutchinson

The principal character is Jean de Larsan, a regular soldier who is too intelligent for his job. He has all the traditional virtues that come from being born of a family dedicated to bearing arms since the Seven Years War; but at the same time – as he proceeds from a German prison camp to the liberation of France, to Indo-China and to present-day Algeria – he is increasingly faced with the dilemma of carrying on an immoral task in a moral way. This is an easy book to understand, for every dialectical point is clearly put (and cleanly translated by Mr Hare) although it is not, as novels go, an easy book to read. But it is an important book and an absorbing one. It may, incidentally, help some people to appreciate the paradoxical attitudes of their French friends over the subject of Algeria.

I have never understood why anyone should want to write historical novels, although it has been carefully explained to me; I have never understood why anyone should want to translate historical novels, and I have never understood why anyone should want to read historical novels. The few historical novels I have read have left me with nothing but a confused image of people riding about on horses, other people pondering their lot in dungeons, and yet other people being put to death before excited crowds. Having thus declared my interest, let me say that *Destiny of Fire* held my attention from beginning to end.

I have not read any of Zoé Oldenbourg's novels before and so my first sensation upon reading this story of 13th-century religious persecution – the fate of a family of nobles in the Albigensian Crusade – was one of vast relief to find it almost free of the 'rich tapestry' (over-writing), 'glorious pageantry' (over-writing) and 'colourful detail' (padding) that bog down most of the historical fiction I have read. Being thus settled in my mind, I was able to get thoroughly involved in the replete air of doom that envelops the book as one person after another finishes up at the stake. I have not become a convert to historical fiction but at least I will save Miss Oldenbourg from the faggots.

Chautauqua is a 'sensational' novel from America which is 'recommended to all but the squeamish', and dedicated by the author to 'those who remember'. Remember what, I wonder – *Peyton Place*? Anyway, it's about this placid, sleepy, respectable small American town whose facade crumbles, as facades do nowadays, when the big carnival arrives. The hotel-keeper's daughter has her clothes off before the big tent is even up, a man gets beaten to death with a tent stake while trying to rape somebody, a woman works out that her husband has been intimate with her 9,125 times in 26 years, and MGM have bought the film rights. However, it's a jolly, pleasant enough book to read, with the carnival atmosphere well held, and without the little perversions that get into the average sexy best-seller.

But it would be nice to hear one day of a small American town behind whose placid, sleepy, respectable exterior was a placid, sleepy, respectable interior.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

The Red Badge of Courage – in one volume with *Maggie, The Open Boat* and other stories – has been added to the World's Classics series (Oxford, 8*s.* 6*d.*). V. S. Pritchett writes an introduction to this edition.

Shorter Reviews

Jules Supervielle, a Modern Fabulist. By Dorothy S. Blair. *Blackwell.* 30*s.*

Parts of Mrs Blair's study are well written and it contains what appear to be an excellent bibliography and notes. Admirers of Supervielle's writings will regret that Mrs Blair does not tell us more of Supervielle the man as he emerges from his letters and from the reminiscences of his family and acquaintances. So too will those who feel that, in the case of a writer whose work owes so little to personal experience and so little to any striking qualities of mind or character, the biographer will certainly have more to say of interest than the literary critic.

The appeal of Supervielle's prose fables and plays lies principally in the utter harmlessness of his satiric effects, in the peculiar talent which enables him when he describes adult relationships to employ not only the idiom but the reassuring manner of a childrens' fairy tale. The impression which he gives both in his poetry and his prose is of being well disposed towards everything and everyone even if his geniality appears constantly to be that of indifference rather than awareness:

Je bats comme des cartes
Malgré moi des visages
Et tous ils me sont chers.

While Mrs Blair has almost no unfavourable criticisms to make of lines like these she also claims little on their behalf. This fundamental uncertainty of judgment leaves the impression that for critical purposes her commentary has been written far too hastily. With one of the few claims which Mrs Blair *does* make for Supervielle, that he possessed unusual 'powers of observation', I find it impossible to agree. When Supervielle writes either of men and women or of the world of nature we hear generally far too little of the genuine observer and far too much of the man of letters. The style of most of the poems with its wearisome use of the first person singular and its equally monotonous search for novelties of phrase is indistinguishable from that of a host of other contemporary French writers. The story of how Supervielle came to be singled out from them and of how his prestige became sufficient to earn him the Academy's *Grand Prix de Littérature* would provide a very interesting chapter indeed.

G.R.S.

Newspaper Design. By Allen Hutt. *Oxford.* 50*s.*

The last 30 years have seen a revolution in newspaper design, and if ugliness is sin British newspapers are now less sinful than they have ever been. As is usual with revolutions, the leaders were ill-assorted: Stanley Morison, *éminence grise* of *The Times,* Christiansen of the *Express,* an editor with a flair for type, and Bartholomew, the man from the art department who became chairman of the *Mirror*. They did not herald an outburst of aesthetics in unlikely places, but a timely recognition that it is good business to woo the reader's eye. Form is still the slave of content; design simply 'packaging the product.' Indeed Mr Hutt remarks sternly that 'newspaper typography has no existence other than as an instrument of journalism'. The *Daily Worker's* award-winning design expert, he has here written a standard work in 300 elegant pages. This is a technical book for those engaged in newspaper production, and all sub-editors, make-up men and newspaper printers will need to buy a copy. The chapter on periodical and magazine design (which contains an acknowledgment of this journal's pioneering use of Minerva Bold headlines) is disappointingly brief, and a companion volume on this subject is clearly called for. The time factor and higher costs make it inevitable that newspapers lag behind books and advertisements in design, but need a typographical unawareness of the death of Queen Victoria permeate quite so many of our trade and specialised journals?

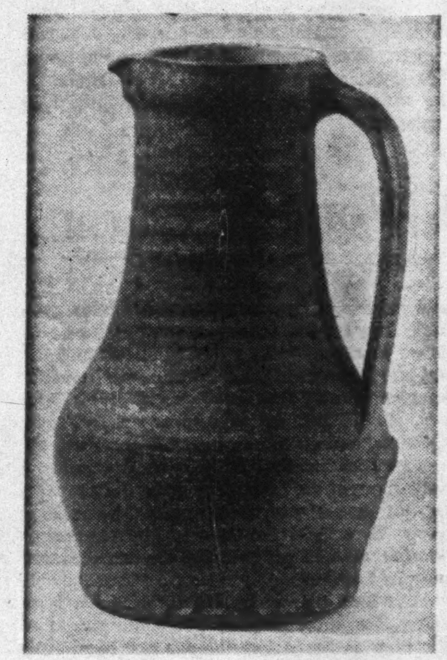
R.J.P.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Bernard Leach – Master Craftsman

JOHN MANDER

This month, at the Arts Council, one of the major English artists of our century is exhibiting his life's work. A great occasion for the English Arts – or so one would have thought. Yet the event is likely to go almost unrecorded; and certainly, in any adequate critical sense, unappreciated. The same is true of the artist's person: in America, in Japan, in Scandinavia he is honoured as a prophet, one of the great Englishmen of his day; in his own country he is hardly likely (not that he would care) to be on the short list for an OBE. Why? This artist is not a sculptor, a painter, a stage designer, nor a fashionable photographer, but a potter. And pottery is not quite U; it has a whiff of Thaxted and Dartington about it. Nor is there very much you can say, conceptually, about a pot; you can only look at it, and pick it up, and turn it round, and look at it again.



Leach's pots, now on show in St James's Square, speak best for themselves. I can only beg the reader to go and look at them. Yet, if one can say little usefully about the individual pot, one can certainly say something about the potter and his *oeuvre*. That the apparent assurance, for instance, of the best pieces in this show (I would cite the *Celadon fluted bowl*, No. 117; the *Tenmoku six-sided pot with lid*, No. 159; the *Cut-sided celadon bowls* of 1959, Nos. 131, 144; or the two pots illustrated here) is a precarious thing. That Leach's work is built upon contradictions; and that it is only, consequently, when we have appreciated the dangers of Leach's course, that we can estimate the greatness of his achievement.

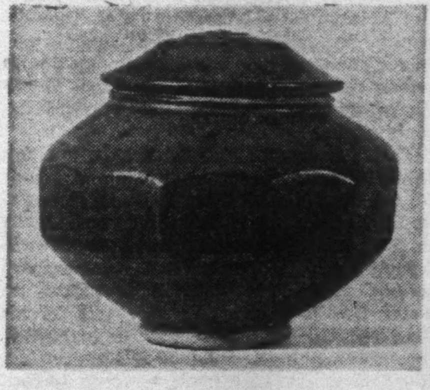
There are, as I see it, two striking contradictions. The first is that Leach, like William Morris a staunch opponent of Individualism, should have produced so intensely individual an *oeuvre*. The second, that Leach, inheriting both the traditions of Thomas Toft and the Staffordshire slipware potters and those of the Chinese and Japanese, should have produced an *oeuvre* belonging to neither, and to both.

To take the second point first: 'too Japanese' is a criticism that is often levelled at Leach. Is there truth in it? Certainly, as a note by Dr Yanagi of the Tokyo Folk Craft Museum in the catalogue shows, this is not a criticism that would occur to the Japanese: Leach seems to them very English. Or rather, as Dr Yanagi puts it, 'he is an artist who has bridged the gap between East and West.' This seems to me to be true, in his best works.

But it is arguable, I think, that the marriage has not always been as happy as that. There has been much veering and tacking-before-the-wind to achieve the kind of synthesis of Japanese and English ceramic culture that the illustrated *Cut-sided pot* (No. 138) represents. The Raku slip-trail dish, 'Pelican in Her Piety' (No. 3), made in Tokyo in 1917 (Leach was born in China and returned to the East as a young man to teach) shows how early the need to work towards an English idiom became imperative. Yet the piece is, somehow, a curiosity. And the same is true, I feel, of the famous Raku 'hare pattern' dish, in the Toft manner, of 1919 (No. 12): here Japanese and English are as oil and water. For a successful adaptation of a traditional English form – the medieval English pitcher – one can turn to the stoneware jug here illustrated.

Not, of course, that Leach has ever been unaware of the danger of his enterprise. The first chapter of Leach's already classical *A Potter's Book* (Faber, 30*s*.) is entitled 'Towards a Standard': and the standard he set up for English potters in that book was 'the Sung standard'. The temerity of this may not be obvious at first sight. But it means approximately, for the Western potter, what 'the Mozart standard', say, would mean to a Japanese who set about composing a string quartet. Does this mean slavish imitation? Certainly, there are Western pots, even Leach pots, where one feels that this has happened (could one say this of some of Leach's teabowls, No. 100 or 161?). But the best reply to this reproach is still that of Mr Michael Cardew, with David and Michael Leach the ablest of the master's pupils, in his preface to *A Potter's Book*. English potters, he remarks,

> emulate the early Chinese potters, and they are quite right to do so; but in fact they do not follow them so slavishly as the potters of the sixteenth century . . . Then, and for a century or more following, the whole mainstream of European ceramics was directed to imitating the achievement of the later Chinese porcelain of the Ming period . . .



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To say, therefore, that Leach's own achievement conforms to 'the Sung standard' – to the principles of organic unity, spontaneity, and decorative simplicity found in Chinese medieval pottery – implies not only a just recognition of Leach's achievement, it implies a limiting judgment on the whole post-Bow, post-Wedgwood tradition of pottery manufacture in this country (as also on the essentially decorative, unceramic works of a William de Morgan or, for that matter, a Picasso). In this sense, Bernard Leach is the best potter who has lived in these islands since the Staffordshire slipware potters of the 17th century. He chose to live, as a craftsman, by the Sung standard: the men of the Five Towns chose to live by their own.

I said that Leach's achievement is born of a double contradiction: a national and a social. The national is, in his best work, resolved. But the social? The pots on show at the Arts Council are the work of a great individual; and the *oeuvre*, unlike that of the Sung potters, is unmistakably individualist. Yet Leach, as a social prophet, is anti-individualist. Like William Morris, whose mantle he inherits, it is the great, anonymous, collective art of the English (and the Chinese) Middle Ages, surviving in the folk tradition, that he has made his model. He has also applied it in practice. The Leach Pottery at St Ives is a collective enterprise; its members produce, from designs originally evolved by Leach, some 70 standard forms, from oven-proof stoneware dishes to porcelain coffee-pots. The yearly output runs to 22,000 pieces. The visitor to the Arts Council exhibition, who is shown only the individual hemisphere of Leach's life-work, is to that extent misled.

But does the admirable work of the St Ives Pottery really provide a social solution, any more than Eric Gill's Ditchling, or Conrad Noel's Thaxted or Morris's Red House? Significantly, Leach himself does not claim this. The question can be put, after all, in very concrete terms (I put it to him recently in conversation). You would be glad to have Leach pots on your breakfast table, but would you care to have them on your dinner table? Leach himself, I gathered, would not excommunicate the man who preferred, say, Rosenthal for this purpose – and I caught, I fancy, a mysterious oriental twinkle in the master's eye. For it was a significant admission from a man whose philosophy aspires to wholeness. So, too, was Leach's confession of the extreme difficulty he has been having in establishing a creative continuity at St Ives. You could take a Cornish lad and train him, but there would come a point when, lacking a wider knowledge of the arts, he would fail to develop.

Such an admission does not take away from Leach's achievement. But it helps, perhaps, to define it, and to define the limitations of the modern Crafts Movement. The men of the post-Morrison tradition did not see that the new collective art they wanted would be the product of a co-operation with science and technology, not of a struggle against them. The true modern folk art, surely, is not to be found in hand-thrown pottery or broadloom weaving, but in, say, the collective achievement of the *Scuola Inglese* Reyner Banham recently described in these pages.

Morris, Gill and Leach asserted, against commercial vulgarity, the principles of truth to material and of the simplicity of form. This lesson, if you like, has now been learned. It is the architects and industrial designers who have taken over. But the need to re-create, as expressions of human individuality, certain neglected minority arts will remain. With a significant and intimidating difference, one might add. The craftsmen of the future will have the Leach standard to aspire to.

A Comedy of Wonders

H. A. L. CRAIG

Wherever, in book or field, play or poem, I meet a fairy I strangle it; my green passport is my licence. But I have yet to get an undine. When I saw the undine 'palace' with its sparkles and shimmers at the Aldwych my problem was: should I go over the footlights and do my murdering then and there or wait for the cold blood of this column. But hesitation is all an undine needs; I am now Miss Leslie Caron's moonish man.

Giraudoux's *Ondine* is never what it appears to be. The illusions are put up to be seen through. The magic is rubbed off on the reality. Ondine, the water sprite, is like most humans in the inexperience of first-love, killing the man by the dream. There is nothing very new in Giraudoux's plot – the spousals of a fishy lady and a land man – every Atlantic village has some such story about a seal sliding ashore, hiding her skin, marrying the innocent and bringing him through beauty, instruction and grief to singing and death. The story is so common among simple people that obviously it is necessary to the simple mind. Giraudoux dresses it up for sophisticates.

This ex-diplomat, ex-minister is not my favourite writer. He has the pale and dreadful facility of a card sharp; he wears 14 hearts up his sleeve, his own and the 13 heart-cards in the pack. Giraudoux was obsessed by a fear of boring people, a disablement for any serious writer. But, desiring to please, he walks like Johnson's dog very fast on his hind legs. One stops to wonder: at his shivering, thoroughbred style; his elegance and intelligence; his witty speeding up of life; his talent for putting his language against his theme; his use of the colloquial to dish the heroic.

Giraudoux was, and still is, a refreshment of the theatre. He leaves behind a memory of cleverness. Hans, Ondine's lover (Richard Johnson), is both a drawing-room comedy man and a Wittenstein zu Wittenstein from the timeless Rhine, a sweet theatrical cross-cut. Giraudoux is always creating opportunities for his words, as in the very funny and frightening scene of the swineherd and the kitchen slut spouting poetry – when a Wittenstein is about to die his servants get lofty in their language. I admire it – maybe. The man, as I have said, is a sharp one. He wins each trick. Yet I cannot deny that after hours of clever intellect the true heart is dealt and the sad story of Ondine and Hans carried up into imagination. Ondine's memory is taken from her, she is led by her finger-tips off into oblivion, and in that moment Hans dies. He was too beautifully-silly to exist, he could be only thought to exist. The grief is left with us, our love of our own image; Ondine is as happy as a fish. Except for *The Caretaker*, *Ondine*, now 22 years old, is the best modern play in London.

It is also theatre as we rarely have it to enjoy. The director is as much the parent of the play as the writer. Life is not lived; it is stage-managed. And who, beneath Guthrie, is better at the cantrips than Peter Hall? Apart from his touch with Giraudoux's sparkling lines and the speed with which he unzips the whimsy, Mr Hall has a rolling eye for the magic. His production is never less than a comedy of wonders. The trap-doors have full grin.

Yet the single conjuration *Ondine* would seem to need – the image of water – was given only as an exclamation mark, a comic jet of fountains, or suggested by the lighting. There was opportunity here for *Nabucco's* river upon the stage or Boucicault's famous dive into the depths of the green gauze to rescue 'The Colleen Bawn'. Water was a threat in the text, the undines power was water, but there was hardly a drip to see.

I cannot now easily imagine a better looking and better acting Ondine than Miss Leslie Caron. Yet when I saw her first I had no certainty about her performance; on the opening night she held the stage by the presence of her beauty, but she did not reign over us in her acting. I went back to *Ondine*. It was transformation. Her first night finished, Miss Caron was – I would hazard – nine times better. She moved with the slight shiver of a fish, an undine on land; no longer an automation from the rehearsal room, her gestures are pure and expressive; her voice has range, her slight French accent seems the proper speaking of an undine of the Rhine; and when we hear her last line 'I think I loved him' it is one of the most beautiful lines we have heard in the theatre.

Press Comments on
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A Quartet Arrives

DAVID DREW

Last week at the Austrian Embassy the Dartington String Quartet appeared for the first time before a 'live' London audience with their interpretation of Schoenberg's First Quartet, which has already been broadcast twice by the BBC. Not every performance of a great work is an event, but this was an event as encouraging as anything that has happened in English chamber music for many years. A quartet has begun to master the world of a master, with whom an interpretative beginning can only be made a long and arduous way after the start: and in finding that beginning, the Dartington Quartet have also found, and shown, a true and creative love for the work.

The outset of their 'live' performance was neither as strong nor as relaxed as in their earlier broadcast, but that one can understand in the circumstances. As the performance progressed, they recovered their previous form, and by the close – one of the most awesome conclusions in musical literature – they had surpassed it. There are still many incidental problems they have to solve, problems of texture and characterisation; but their overall feeling for the direction and significance of Schoenberg's vast single-span structure is such that, with experience, all the incidents should naturally fall into place.

They must be encouraged to play the work in public as often as possible, not to specialist gatherings, but to those less privileged and more privilege-worthy audiences comprising what is known as 'the ordinary music-lover'. For, if they truly love music, they will understand more of this quartet than the specialist who was heard to remark after last week's performance: 'My God, I've never heard so many interrupted cadences in all my life.'

It is also quite certain that the ordinary music-lover (one of whom, to my knowledge, made this quartet performance his first introduction to *listening* to chamber music, and was spell-bound) will know what to think when they read such things as the statement published in a new symposium on 20th-Century Music, to the effect that Schoenberg's move towards atonality was prompted by the realisation that his early 'traditional' works were not 'good enough or new enough'. Statements of this kind are sufficiently naive to require no other refutation than a good performance of the music.

The new Covent Garden production of Gluck's *Orpheus* has been carried out with care and some style. The commissioning of choreography from Kenneth MacMillan and the choice of Colin Graham as producer show due recognition of the importance of *Orpheus* as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Miss Norma Proctor makes an elegant and often beautiful Orpheus, though she seemed somewhat strained towards the end.

The least satisfactory aspect of the production at present is the conducting of Louis de Froment. The misconception of the introduction to 'Che farò' and the even more damaging romanticisation (through rhythm and dynamics) of the coda to the same aria were typical. The cold, statuesque, almost indifferent *dolce* character of the melody is the essence of its originality in the context (on purely musical grounds it is not one of the score's greatest inventions). The almost *Moritat*-like character of the piece resists all imposed emotion. It is another side of that

Mighty and Mystical

The Queen is visiting India, the mightiest and most mystical member of the Commonwealth. What is India like in 1961? How has it progressed since the British Raj ended? Granada cameras are travelling the country with a reporting team to seek answers to such questions. Four programmes are planned dealing with cities, the land, education and religion. The first of these programmes will be transmitted on ITV Monday 23 January at 10.30. GRANADA TV

process of unsexing the drama which Gluck began by casting Orpheus as a contralto. To try to make something else of 'Che farò' is to accord with Gluck's later and regrettable recasting of Orpheus as a tenor.

De Froment's rather self-conscious approach to an aria which musicians may feel shy about seems to reflect the same attitude of mind that has countenanced the omission of the Overture. Colin Graham cites Newman, and one could also cite Dent, Einstein and many others, in order to suggest a general agreement that the Overture is a purely conventional conversation-piece which conflicts with the spirit of the opera. But in fact, the Overture, though short and without great distinction, is by no means unfeeling and it has a real dramatic function in that it prepares the ground for the 'festive' conclusion. If you begin with the C minor chorus, then the end is truly 'in the air'. Less damaging is the transformation of the Dance of the Furies into an orchestral Prelude to the second act, though it spoils the tonal and dramatic effect of the E-flat-major Maestoso with which Gluck opens the act and expresses Orpheus's resolve to enter the infernal regions. In this version, the decision follows the action.

Mr Graham's production moves handsomely in a clear space bereft of all scenery. If the uniform railway-signal gestures of the chorus (a very tired convention) could be dispensed with, and if the choreography could be brought closer to the style of the dramatic production or further from each detail in the music, a stronger unity would result.

Unity of Adventure

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

This is Gala week. Becker's last film and Truffaut's first come on at the International Film Theatre. Alexandre Astruc's version of *Une Vie* is at the Gala Royal. And we have still to see the 3-hour Japanese *No Greater Love*, first of a trilogy about war and pacifism and police in Manchuria, which – to elude censor slashing – will be shown to club members only. Largesse indeed!

That Jacques Becker's last film, *Le Trou*, should turn out to have been also his best for many years brings vindication and added regrets. Yet another prison escape? The thought of five men tunnelling from a cell may not much raise your temperature; but between the old, old story and the ideality of Bresson a course has been steered. That puts it far too negatively. The film is Becker's; it is very much a film. Character, never dubbed in, comes from physical nearness; movements, glances save us from the static moment; the claustrophobic theme is impressed casually and remorselessly, and finds its own escape in underground adventure and a low-keyed photography (camera-man, Gilbert Chain). Perhaps one should mention too, since tensions of more than one kind are involved, the editing of Marguerite Renoir. All these chime with acting that never proclaims itself in the interests of an enhanced realism.

Very real is the prison routine (the Santé, since it's in Paris?) with its mixture of the humdrum and of menace. Shrugs rather than blows emphasise hatred. Behind tinted spectacles the Governor seems kindly; but this is an impression we may have to revise. A warder goes round calling out prisoners for exercise with hardly more urgency than a dinner call on a train. The cells line an empty hall. A barber moves along with a chair to shave customers. Plumbers from the workshops come to mend a leaky tap – and to steal cigarettes and stamps when the prisoners are out. Two security men have a way of suddenly popping in and turning everything upside down. We get to know the geography of the cell intimately, from the high barred window to the lavatory with a water tap over it; the keyhole becomes important, the floorboards, the concrete under the boards. Four men facing death or a long sentence are joined by a younger fifth: his appearance and credentials – 'premeditation of murder' – seem good enough. He's admitted to the escape; through boards and concrete, rubble, stone, down into the vaults and the sewers, and away.

The moment is chosen. The periscope, a sliver of looking-glass tied on a toothbrush and thrust through the keyhole, warns of every approach. The digging in the corner starts; and this adventure will be pursued over days and nights, with a fierceness and ingenuity that will hold us till a way has been piloted to the pavement lid lifted in the dusk. There in the distance squats the prison; a taxi comes along; one man says to the other, 'We could take that taxi.'

Then, when they are all set to go, the guards close in. They have been betrayed (but they don't know how inadvertently) by the young newcomer, whose presence has always been resented if desired like a woman's. The strength of the film is that, in impeccable style, it keeps its adventure, its claustrophobic fantasy, so close to physical reality. Even the exultation rising out of the whole endeavour, and the ironic justice of its failure, are on this level. It is sustained by a remarkable unity of purpose throughout the whole of the film.

The other film in the programme, Truffaut's *Les Mistons*, is a perfect short story of puberty: four boys who see an older girl blossoming out as she sails on her bike, getting a lover; it drives them mad, they scream and whoop, persecute the couple, scrawl on walls, and in the end the lover gets killed mountain-climbing, and the girl walks by in black, and the kids gaze in silence. This film has all the rapt qualities of adventure and instinct, the absence of which made *Shoot the Pianist* such a disappointment.

I find I have left space only to recommend *Une Vie* for its colour and landscape and for proving once more that the best way of keeping a classic alive isn't necessarily to rewrite it into the present.

Come and Get It

BRYAN ROBERTSON

If you do not usually go to art exhibitions, either through lack of time or any particular visual sense; or, alternatively, if your heart sinks at the thought of nineteenth-century art – apart from the obvious splendours of the giants of that period, Turner, Delacroix, Constable or the Impressionists – then try American Art, 1815-65, the USIS exhibition currently at the new American Embassy, until 6 February. It consists of a group of American paintings from the Karolik Collection at the Boston Museum and it is full of every kind of charm and diversion. Pure pleasure from beginning to end and the most straightforwardly enjoyable exhibition in London at the moment.

You will find pictures of marvellously stylish and elegant steamboats cruising along great rivers with densely wooded banks; a man in a dark coat and bowler hat gazes out to sea from a long, deserted beach; a young brother and sister, standing sedately side by side, stare back at you, gravely and intently, from a leafy arbour; an elaborate ceremony is held on Boston Common, no less than the Railroad Jubilee, with rows of soldiers, plunging horses, and gaily dressed spectators; woodboatmen on a river settle down happily to the evening's drinking and music-making by the light of a fire, still in the open air; two passionately intent and intrepid BOP duck hunters glide in a boat through the Hoboken marshes in a hectic pink dawn; a covered waggon is ambushed by Indians; a rainbow appears over Niagara Falls. What more could we want?

An English Coxswain

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The period covered by this exhibition is a comparatively unregarded phase in American art which comes between the earlier, cosmopolitan and more conventional accomplishments of Allston, Copley and Benjamin West, and the later establishment of such artists as Homer, Ryder and Eakins. Many of the names of the artists are either barely known or quite unknown, and some of their pictures remain as anonymous as those of the hard-working limners who made portraits and topographical records of disarming simplicity at the time of the early settlers in the Eastern colonies. Few details are available of the artist's lives, but many were living and working away from any of the great centres like Philadelphia, Boston or New York.

Their pictures, painted in Ohio or Virginia or the deeply rural areas of New England, have their own quietness and individuality. Other artists were already managing to travel to Rome, Paris or London and we find, in their subsequent work, reflections from the main movements in European art at that time. But a particular mood and physical quality fill practically all the work in this exhibition and come through to us even when we are conscious of an occasional touch of provincialism or pictorial gaucheness.

The mood is one of optimism and the physical quality is simple vitality. These artists were tremendously excited about themselves, their society and their jaunts, excursions, discoveries and hazards, and despite the strenuousness of their lives and the often tough challenge of the terrain, they were quite clearly deeply in love with the landscape around them. A landscape by Cozens is also full of love but it is a complacent, mildly proprietorial, accepting love which comes from almost an inherited understanding of a landscape, in the blood; whereas a view of Pennsylvania or Vermont by one of these American artists, working at roughly the same time,. has, an Arcadian sense of freshness mystery and what I can only describe as a spirit of optimistic curiosity.

As painting, it is uneven but the standard is startlingly high. Very often the paint itself is worked harder and more inventively in an abstract sense than in most run-of-the-mill painting in Europe at the time; and there are extraordinarily original angles and views in many of the compositions which seem well ahead of their time in a European context – the cat on a chair, for instance, one of the best pictures. In several paintings an abstract, schematised use of colour makes a surprising appearance. But the innocence of this painting makes analysis seem ponderous: their charm is more than enough on a first visit.

Don Quixote, at Covent Garden

The conventions of showing off or swanking in classical ballet are strict. Not many dancers come up to the standard, because a masterly technique must be matched by a masterly style. Margot Fonteyn is one of the few English dancers who has enough style, but not enough technical strength. There are others, who have technique but no sense of style. Nadia Nerina seems to now manage most things in a pretty satisfactory manner. The *Don Quixote pas de deux* is a glittering, ostentatious little number for her and if only the Royal Ballet management could give us a male partner of star quality, the theatre would be filled to capacity every night they danced. In an excellently balanced programme last Tuesday I saw *The Invitation* for a second time. There is no doubt that this is a most distinguished and fascinating ballet. If only those lame-duck acrobats could be made a minor relief instead of a minor irritation.

A.F.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,613 **Set by H. A. L. Craig**

Competitors are invited to compose a worksong for any one of the following: hangman, Dagenham car-worker, income tax inspector, take-over bidder, bishop, chorus girl, psychoanalyst. Any of the worksong forms will be accepted – Negro, convict gang, sea-shanty, Hebridean, etc. Limit 16 lines. Entries by 31 January.

Result of No. 1,610 **Set by Brian Hill**

Competitors are invited to submit a translation of the following sonnet by Gautier:

Moi, je suis la tulipe, une fleur de Hollande;
Et telle est ma beauté, que l'avare Flamand
Paye un de mes oignons plus cher qu'un diamant,
Si mes fonds sont bien purs, si je suis droite et grande.

Mon air est féodal, et, comme une Yolande
Dans sa jupe à long plis étoffée amplement,
Je porte des blasons peints sur mon vêtement,
Gueules fascé d'argent, or avec pourpre en bande.

Le jardinier divin a filé de ses doigts
Les rayons du soleil et la pourpre des rois
Pour me faire une robe à trame douce et fine.

Nulle fleur du jardin n'égale ma splendeur,
Mais la nature, hélas; n'a pas versé d'odeur
Dans mon calice fait comme un vase de Chine.

Report

N.B. Tulips have no scent.
Was this overlooked or meant?

asked A.M.P. (no sonneteer) in his potted Gautier. On reading the gratifyingly numerous entries, I, too, was puzzled. Were the occasional imperfections deliberate or mere 'overlookings'? Any good mark earned seemed immediately followed by a lapse. Geoffrey Nicholson, for instance, introduced an unwanted horticultural note by translating 'robe à trame' as 'lawn'; J. M. Hendrie's last line faltered; there was an error in stress in one line of Stephen Sedley's version.

I suggest prizes of one and a half guineas each to W.B.M., R. J. P. Hewison (in spite of one line's faulty scansion) and John F. Onley; half a guinea to John Welch. Runners-up: Molly Fitton, Nadine Peppard, Margaret Wood, Barbara Roe, Little Billee, E. J. Barton, P. M. and A. G. Rochelle.

I am the tulip, Holland's flower; behold,
I am so fair that Flemish misers pay
A diamond for one bulb if they can say
I am pure-rooted, tall and straight and bold.

Heraldic, feudal, like Yolande of old
In the long folds of her full-lined array,
Bright blazoned on my garment I display
Gules fessy silver, purple a bend gold.

The heavenly gardener made my mantle shine;
His fingers wove it, smooth and soft and fine,
From royal purple with the sunlight blent.

No garden bloom my splendour can surpass,
But nature has withheld one thing: alas,
My Chinese vase-shaped calyx has no scent.

W.B.M.

The Tulip I; so fair, a diamond's rate
Is what my fellow-Fleming pays to buy –
For all his avarice – one bulb, if I
Am soundly-rooted, upright, tall and straight.

Yolanda-like, I keep a feudal state;
Like her full skirt, long-pleated generously,
My raiment wears its painted heraldry,
Gules fessy argent, or impurpurate

With his own hands the gardener divine

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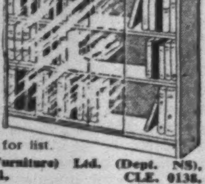

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COMPANY MEETING

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

Sir Oliver Franks on year of satisfactory progress

The Annual General Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on 10 February at the Head Office, 71 Lombard Street, London, EC3.

In the course of his circulated statement the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, GCMG, KCB, CBE, says:

Subject to the approval of the shareholders we intend, as has been announced, to increase the capital of the bank by the issue of one fully-paid share for every five shares held on 6 January. The Share Premium Account of nearly £6 million together with just over £1 million from the General Reserve, will be applied in payment of the additional shares, the Reserve then being raised to £25,000,000 by the transfer of £5,261,901 from inner reserves.

It is satisfying that we are thus able to carry a stage further the process of improving the relationship between our published capital resources and the total of our deposit liabilities, which have more than trebled over the last twenty years.

The profit for the year at £4,605,994 is £1,181,380 higher than last year and the dividends paid and proposed represent an increase of 1 per cent per annum. The over-all picture for the year has been one of satisfactory progress. We have seen a considerable increase in the number of accounts; during the year 32 additional offices were opened; we have also built up a team of specialists in the application of electronic techniques to banking.

Eastern branches: On 1 January the business of these branches was transferred to National and Grindlays Bank Limited, together with the appropriate reserves, in exchange for an issue of 1,520,700 of that bank's shares, representing about 25 per cent of its capital. Through this shareholding, and representation on the board of National and Grindlays, we shall maintain our close interest in the banking business of the sub-Continent.

Lloyds Bank (Foreign) Limited has had an excellent year with a considerable growth in its deposits and advances.

Hire Purchase Interests: In the year to 30 September last Lloyds and Scottish Finance Limited earned a group trading profit of just over £3 millions, while unearned charges of £9.5 millions, against £6.9 millions, were carried forward. The trading profit is at about the same annual rate as in the preceding nine months, although balances outstanding rose by nearly £30 millions to close on £100 millions and the capital (held in equal shares by our bank and the National Commercial Bank of Scotland Limited) was increased during the year from £11,150,000 to £15,000,000. Our bank received a net dividend of just under £600,000, a reasonable return on our investment. In addition to our participation in Lloyds and Scottish Finance Limited we have an investment of approximately 25 per cent of the share capital of Bowmaker Limited.

Reviewing the country's economic position, Sir Oliver says that the year which has just ended marked a clear turning-point in the country's economic affairs. Whilst 1959 was a year of stimulation and expansion, the keynote of 1960 was the return to restraint. It seemed clear that the results intended and desired by the authorities had not yet been accomplished. On the other hand, the measures taken had had, as on previous occasions, some results that were neither intended nor desired. Production had indeed been maintained at the peak level reached last spring; but there had been no further expansion beyond that point. After the application of the brakes in 1955 the country had passed through more than three years of stagnation before industrial expansion could be resumed with safety. We must make sure that that did not happen again.

In our circumstances, Sir Oliver holds, the strand of demand which should be restricted in the first instance is consumer demand. The obvious way in which to operate on consumer demand is through the mechanism of the Budget. Ideas may differ about the particular forms which action should take but we cannot afford not to use the Budget as a means of regulating the economy.

Wove me my robe, its texture soft and fine,
Of sunbeams with the kingly purple blent.

But though my glory outshines each garden flower,
Nature, alas!, did not see fit to dower
My cup, formed like a China vase, with scent.

R. J. P. HEWISON

The Dutch tulip am I, a flower so fair
That thrifty Flemings rate a diamond
Below a single bulb, if plump and sound
And bred from stock unquestionably pure.
Like some old chatelaine, whose long skirts flare
In ample folds, I have a noble grace,
And wear enamelled crests upon my dress:
Gules with fesse argent, or with bend purpure.

The fingers of the eternal gardener spun
Sunbeams and royal purple for my gown
Of texture soft and fine. No flower that grows
Rivals my richness; yet – a sad mishap –
No scent has Nature poured into my cup
Of petals, fashioned like a Chinese vase.

JOHN F. ONLEY

I'm one of *the* Tulips, pure Dutch you may guess;
For good looks like mine and since I'm so well bred
Old Fleming would pay to get me in his bed
Just so long as I have all our Family finesse.

I rather resemble a feudal princess
Like Yolande of Aragon, and it's been said
That gold streaked with purple or silver on red
Lend just that heraldic look to my dress.

Those sun-rays! Divine! Quite the masterly touch on
That rich regal mauve of the Tulip escutcheon,
Enclosing a beauty no clumsiness mars,
That the lilies of the field could never assume;
How sadly for me that without a perfume
I'm as smooth yet as cold as an old Chinese vase.

JOHN WELCH

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I have been told that all animals excepting the onager can be tamed, and that even so apparently unpromising a subject as the octopus responds with every sign of intelligence to kindness and clever understanding. Joy Adamson has proved for all to read, in *Born Free* (Collins), that a lioness, once having had the advantage of human friendship, will not readily give it up and will even try to give her bush-born cubs the benefit of a higher education by introducing them to her human mentors.

No doubt the frequentation of man develops dormant qualities in the wild animal, qualities which it thereafter finds a source of pleasure and a wider awareness of the world. It simply will not do to say that non-domestic animals which appear to be attached to people are really attached to an easy dinner. The dog is a special case, of course; but there is no doubt at all that dogs can learn what it is excessively difficult for us to learn: abnegation. Doubtless we have developed this power in them just as the world's rich and mighty have tried to develop it in the world's humble: because it pays us. But that the dog can learn to behave like a saint means that the only distinction one can, in the end, draw between human and animal intelligence – man's faculty for acting contrary to his own immediate interest – is invalid, even if we exclude the case of the beast driven by instinct to put the interest of the species above its individual welfare.

The cases of dogs sacrificing themselves to duty and to love are without number. It does not require only good feeling to behave like that: it requires good-will, which is a by-product of a positive intelligence. The only difference between the dog and any other comparable beast is that it has been associated with us for, say, 50,000 years. So I don't believe that there is anything special about man's mind excepting the size of its organ – I mean the brain – and long training.

All this because, having moved into a part of the country where ravens are not uncommon, I have become interested in these alert and pushful birds, long celebrated for their intelligence, a word I do not hesitate to use in this context exactly as I would use it of a man. I have, moreover, met an outstanding member of their tribe which, had it adopted a bookish family instead of an office full of typists, would by now have been named Grip, no doubt.

I was buying petrol at a country town garage when I saw this bird standing on a window-sill above and tapping in a rather peremptory manner on the window pane with its beak. Presently the window was opened and the raven went in. I was told that it had simply appeared one day, coming none knew whence. They did not know if anyone had tamed it; it just was tame. The girls in the office fed it; in return it stole typewriter parts, any money left lying about, and chromium-plated screws from the stores. It stood on people's shoulders, tweaked their ears, or lay on its back and waved its legs about to get a laugh. It formed hoards of stolen property just like a successful company promoter. Its manners were engaging rather than polished and its conversation limited to what sounded, to my ear, like 'Oh, my God!' uttered in a tone of consternation.

It was frequently absent for days at a time, which seems to prove that it could perfectly well support itself without cake and biscuit crumbs and such other scraps as the girls in the office gave it. I have no doubt myself that it frequented them for their conversation, for the kind interest they took in it, and for the pleasure of being applauded, which it obviously enjoyed just as actors and seals do. Like so many of the crow nation, it found no difficulty in adapting itself to civilised intercourse and in learning a great deal which, being of very little if any material use to it, I take to have been of spiritual benefit.

A young friend of mine who has what is called a way with animals, and is now, appropriately, working at Whipsnade, adopted a young rook while he was still at school and it was not yet fledged. Fed while it was helpless, it remained helpless, and at the age when it should have been foraging for itself, failed to do so for want of teaching and still expected my friend to put the food into its gaping beak. My friend made no attempt to restrain its freedom. He would release it into the garden or into the country wherever he happened to be. And when, at evening, he went out and called the rook by its name, which was George, it would fly to him from a tree-top; for my friend had taught it to fly much as its mother would have done, by pushing it off high places.

George was an amiable, good-natured bird, probably of average rather than outstanding intelligence. I don't claim that you could have taught it to read; but in conditions utterly alien to its traditions and instincts, it quickly learnt on which side its bread was buttered. If George's intelligence was not of the same order as yours or mine, I'm a monkey's uncle.

City Lights

TAURUS

Americans have been forbidden to hold gold at home since 1933; last weekend, only a couple of days before giving up office, President Eisenhower forbade them to hold it abroad and ordered them to sell by mid-year any gold or gold certificates they might own. It was only the timing which was unexpected.

The new president's financial advisers, as well as a number of bankers, have been publicly advocating such a step for some time past; Mr Kennedy was probably approached, and may well have been glad to have the step taken for him. But it is still a pity that a measure which would have made sense as part of a general programme should have been taken in isolation and in response to an outburst of speculation.

The long-term case for banning private dealing in gold is simply that the stuff is too important as a means of international settlement to be drained off into the pockets of speculators and hoarders. The immediate case, from the point of view of the US authorities, is that speculative purchases of gold by Americans through the London market have been one element – a small element, but one which could quickly become more important – in the run on the US reserve.

It is now clear that the United States gold loss has continued since the turn of the year; the price of gold in the London market has been edging its way upwards again, and private American buying in speculative anticipation of Mr Kennedy's inaugural address is thought to have been substantial. It is not clear whether it was the long-term or the short-term case which appealed more to President Eisenhower.

The short-term effect may not in fact be great. Americans have until June to get rid of their gold, and whether or not they do so before will depend entirely on Mr Kennedy's success in restoring confidence in the dollar. Whether they choose to observe the new regulation, indeed, will depend on the same thing.

It will indeed be extraordinarily difficult to enforce, and although Americans are as law-abiding as anyone else they will not find it difficult to chance upon a Kuwait Gap if ever a rise in the price of gold seems imminent. It will remain perfectly legal for them, moreover, to put their money into gold shares or foreign exchange, the effect of which on the US reserve is not very different from what it is when they put their money into gold. While the London (or Zurich) gold market continues to operate and while Americans remain free of any other exchange controls, a mere ban on holding gold can be at the best only partly effective.

* * *

President Kennedy's programme should be a good deal more interesting than President Eisenhower's last fling, and something about his plans will be known by this week-end. The Chancellor, as impatient as anyone to know the worst, pointed out to the Overseas Bankers the other day how dangerous it would be for the US or Britain to attempt to solve their problems by restricting trade or payments (production was not mentioned); he also emphasised again that borrowing from the International Monetary Fund should not

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'Which ?'

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be regarded as a crisis measure of last resort.

The December trade figures were obviously fresh in his mind: they are no worse, perhaps a little better, than those of the previous month – exports a fraction higher, imports still to fall but at least no longer rising. But there will have to be a considerable improvement before Britain gets out of current deficit, let alone achieves a surplus sufficient to match her ambitious ideas about investment abroad, and the gold reserve is likely to begin falling before long. Mr Lloyd seems to have made his mind up not to let it fall far before calling on the IMF.

Political correspondents have been less concerned with this than with attempting to forecast his first Budget. The economic situation and the coming increases in government expenditure both suggest that the scope for concessions will be limited. What more natural, therefore, than to assume that Mr Lloyd will produce an 'incentive' budget, balancing concession to surtax-payers and owner-occupiers against increases in direct taxation – perhaps through the 'payroll tax' which has come in for so much discussion recently and which could simultaneously provide the government with an alternative to the HP control? The crystal-gazers seem to be less interested in the possibility of a capital gains tax as a straight swap for surtax concessions – though this, when the major Macmillan booms in share and property values have already taken place, would be a particularly neat opportunity to introduce it.

* * *

Another insurance/property company alliance has been arranged. Mr Bernard Sunley made his money out of earth-moving, particularly out of building airfields and opencast coal-mining, and he runs the firm of Blackwood Hodge; but he has always been interested in property, and the Bernard Sunley Investment Trust which he formed to develop and hold property at the end of the war was floated 18 months ago. Now the Trust needs fresh capital, and insurance companies are no longer prepared to put up debenture money for property companies without taking an interest in the equity as well – an example the government might remember next time it makes a loan to private enterprise. Eagle Star, therefore, as well as agreeing to put up £12m of debenture capital over the next two or three years, has bought a one-third share in the equity. Mr and Mrs Sunley will still hold over 40 per cent.

Company News

Imperial Chemical has finally announced the terms of its rights issue; it will raise £34m – big enough, but rather less than had been feared. The sale of the steel prior charges, and perhaps a new government loan, will help to soak up the rest of the money received from the Ford bid.

Richard Thomas & Baldwins is to remain nationalised for some time to come; its trading profit rose last year by 45 per cent and its net profit, helped by heavy investment allowances on the new strip mill it is building at Newport, was more than doubled.

Fisons has withdrawn its bid for *Evans Medical*, considering it undesirable that there should be competitive bidding for a business of this character.

The *Ross Group* (trawling and frozen food) is bidding for *Associated Fisheries*.

The liquidation of *Vactric* will leave nothing for Ordinary shareholders and only ten per cent for Preference holders.

Mr Forte is planning to cover the country with a network of motels and has formed a new company, *Motor Lodge Developments*, to do it.

The Chess Board

No. 584 Sustaining Ancient Glory

Let's hope it shall be done, for surely the great Hastings tradition is worth preserving; luckily its glorious past has never quite failed to lure foreign grandmasters, however meagre their financial rewards. Even so, in the pre-Rhoden days of the early fifties the ancient glory seemed to lose its appeal, and we were lucky indeed to see it revived in the last seven or eight years. We owe it entirely to the enthusiastic enterprise of the Congress Director as well as to the fortuitous circumstance that, for a number of years, the Eastern Federations, particularly that of the USSR, happened to send us some of their brightest stars. Alas, we cannot rely on such a run of luck to continue indefinitely, and we may have to put our trust in a Corporation prepared to offer rewards commensurable to the worldwide publicity value gained. Yet, while worrying about the future of Hastings let's be properly grateful for the stimulus the last Congress gave some young British masters; particularly Kenneth Lloyd who (Black against Szabo) provided the last round sensation. Here's the game that put him among the prize-winners.

1) P-Q4, P-KKt3; 2) P-K4, B-Kt2; 3) P-QB4, P-Q3; 4) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; 5) P-B3, P-B4; 6) P-Q5, O-O; 7) B-B4, Kt-R4; 8) B-Kt5, P-B3; 9) B-K3, P-B4; 10) PxP, PxP; 11) Q-Q2, P-B5; 12) B-B2, B-K4; 13) P-KKt4, Kt-Kt2; 14) B-Q3, Q-R4; 15) Q-B2, P-Kt4; 16) BxP ch, K-R1; 17) K-B1, Kt-R3; 18) B-K4, Kt-Kt5; 19) Q-K2, PxP; 20) B-K1, Kt-Q6!; 21) Q-Kt2, K-Kt1; 22) B-Kt6, R-B3; 23) Kt-K4, QxB ch!; 24) RxQ, RxB; 25) R-Kt1, Kt-B4; 26) Q-Q2, Kt-K6 ch; 27) K-K2, P-K3; 28) Q-R5, B-Q2; 29) Kt-R3, PxP; 30) Kt(4)-B2, Kt-Kt5; 31) Kt-Q1, P-Q5; 32) KKt-B2, Kt-B3; 33) Q-R6, Kt-Kt5; 34) Q-R5, P-Q6 ch; 35) K-Q2, P-B6 ch!; 36) PxP, Kt-B5 ch; 37) K-K1, KtxQ; 38) PxKt, PxP; 39) KtxP, Kt-B3; 40) P-KR4, B-K1; 41) P-R5, R-K3; 42) K-B2, P-R4; 43) K-Kt2, Kt-Kt5; 44) Kt(1)-B2, B-QB3; 45) R-R3, R-QB1; 46) R-Q1, B-R5; 47) Resigns.

The 'Premier Reserves' – now aptly called the 'Challengers' Tournament' – was particularly strong and interesting, thanks to two such promising young masters as P. C. Gibbs, the Yorkshireman and L. Gusel, the Yugoslav. Here's the climacterial position in their own game. /4r1k1/ 2r2ppp /1qb5 /p2pP3 /Pp3P2 /3BR2P /1P1Q2P1 / 4R2K/.

27) P-B5, BxP; 28) P-B6, P-Kt3; 29) R-K4, Q-B4; 30) R-R4, Q-KB1 [Here Gusel recognised that his attack, menacing though it looked, would lead nowhere; hence he switched operations to the Q-wing]; 31) R-R1, B-Q2; 32) RxQRP, RxP; 33) RxKtP, R-B8 ch; 34) QxR, QxR; 35) R-R8 ch, B-K1; 36) Q-R6, R-K8 ch; 37) B-B1!, RxB ch; 38) K-R2, R-R8 ch; 39) KxR, Q-K8 ch, forcing the draw.

And here – Gusel-Hohler – is another interesting position in which the Yugoslav forced a pretty break - through. /4kr2/bp3p2/pqkt1p1p1 4P2p/ 1P3P2/P7/1BB1Q1PP/5R1K/. 26) B-R4!, K-K2; 27) P-B5!, KPxP; 28) Q-Q2, Q-Q1; 29) Q-B4, R-K1; 30) R-Q1, Q-Kt3; 31) P-K6!, R-Q1; 32) Q-Kt5 ch, K-K1; 33) PxP ch, K-B1; 34) Q-R6 ch, K-K2; and how now White forced a pretty mate in 5, might serve as **A,** the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both draws, the former being a very early, the latter a more recent interpretation of the same pretty idea. (Dehler, indeed, may well have trodden virgin soil.) Usual prizes. Entries by 29 January.

B: O. Dehler, 1909: /24/5R2/2b5/2pp4/6k1/4K3/.

C: W. Korteling, 1942: /7k/7p/16/K2R4/6p1/6b1/ 8/.

REPORT on No. 581. Set 31 December

A: 1) . . . QxRP ch; 2) KxQ, R-R4 ch; 3) K-Kt4, B-B1 mate.

B: 1) K-B2, K-Kt2; 2) B-Kt5!! (B-QB4? refuted by . . .R-K1), R-K5; 3) B-B6!, R-K3; 4) B-Q7, R-K5; 5) K-B3, whereupon the R must give up the K-file; and White, after protecting the Kt by B-K6, wins easily.

If 2) . . . KxKt; 3) B-QB4, K-B2; 4) B-R4! etc.

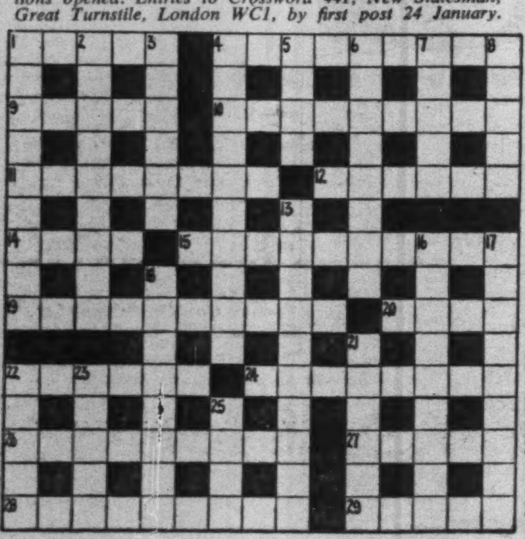
C: 1) R-K4!, PxR ch; 2) K-Kt2!, P-K6 ch; 3) K-Kt1!, B-B2; 4) PxB, QxBP; 5) P=Q ch, QxQ; 6) P-B7 ch, Q-Kt2 ch; 7) K-R2!!, QxB; 8) P=Q mate.

In **C** the **K** at f3, but owing to misprint alternative solutions allowed. Prizes: G. Abrahams, H. Garfath, W. T. Maccall, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword 441

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 441, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1, by first post 24 January.



ACROSS

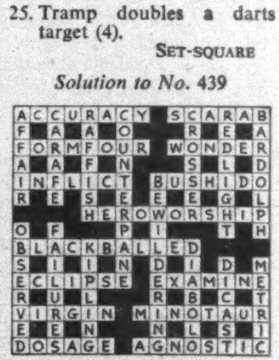
1. It holds water as in a receptacle (5).
4. Contemporary caught a girl with his friend (9).
9. Prayer for peace on a place in Yorkshire (5).
10. Ammunition with range behind the transport (9).
11. Situation for which fitness is required (8).
12. Crowds are hot in the middle (6).
14. King needs a pound for waste (4).
15. Programme for a great partnership (10).
19. I come with crops as material for a scientific instrument (10).
20. Holiday places for backward simpletons (4).
22. Go on foot for a journey on the street (6).
24. 'The —— cried, as he dropped him down' (Gilbert) (8).
26. Sketching half the ships in the excursion (9).
27. Takes pictures back for measurements (5).
28. Thinker caught well (9).
29. Gets rid of buildings (5).

DOWN

1. What an actor may do starting with the potential of a born star (9).
2. Drug needed if poor and mostly sick (9).
3. Half religious envoy (6).
4. Fabulous creature for a moment after the bird (10).
5. Tunes for parades (4).
6. Ill-natured desire after hers is spoilt (8).
7. Creature which increases but does not multiply (5).
8. Cutters for cockneys or other vessels (5).
13. The flower to linger after a cold spell (10).
16. It hangs on for a time after a very quiet finale (9).
17. Reveals the record is beaten (9).
18. Is dead or scattered by the way (8).
21. The total in the main mounts and entertains (6).
22. Thus holding to a kind of philosophy (5).
23. Either way it goes round (5).
25. Tramp doubles a darts target (4).

Set-square

Solution to No. 439



Prizewinners to No. 439

Donald Storer (Epsom)
E. J. Vernon (nr Oakham)
C. R. Whent (St Albans)

DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS

A year of achievement at the City of Steel

Mr. HARALD PEAKE

Mr. Harald Peake, Chairman of The Steel Company of Wales, refers to the following points in his Annual Statement, already circulated to the 45,000 shareholders of the Company:

The Company has been fortunate in having a full order book throughout the year which ended on 1st October, 1960. This has enabled production and profits to be increased in accordance with expectation.

Coke production at 1,494,000 tons has increased by 38 per cent. The production of pig-iron at 1,918,000 tons has increased by 40 per cent. Production of steel ingots amounted to 2,777,000 tons, an increase of 19 per cent on the previous year. The production of steel sheets amounted to 1,113,000 tons, an increase of 22 per cent. Tinplate production amounted to 891,000 tons, an increase of 11 per cent.

Turnover increased by £17,510,000 to £143,096,000. The value of direct exports was £36,279,000, being £2,028,000 higher than in the previous year.

INCREASED PROFIT

Profit, after providing for Depreciation, Transfer to Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve, Interest on Debentures and Loans, and Taxation, is £7,026,891, compared with £4,229,150. This enables the Directors to recommend an increase in annual dividend from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a share, less tax, absorbing £3,062,500, leaving £3,964,391 out of the taxed profits for the year to be retained in the business.

Commitments for capital expenditure at the date of the Balance Sheet were £29,000,000. The greater part of this is in respect of the Fourth Development Plan.

The Third Development Plan, estimated to cost approximately £52,500,000, may now be regarded as complete. It is expected that the annual rate of 3,000,000 tons of ingots will be achieved by March or April, 1961.

The revised cost of the Fourth Development Plan is estimated to be approximately £20,000,000 and will increase the annual ingot production to 3,650,000 tons. The increased productive capacity from this plan is expected to be available at the end of 1962.

EXPECTATIONS EXCEEDED

The Trostre and Velindre Works have exceeded all expectations. Work is in progress costing £9,000,000 to increase total capacity to 1,100,000 tons of tinplate per annum. This work should be completed early in 1962.

An unprecedented demand has existed throughout the year for the electrical sheets made in the Orb Works at Newport. Both outputs and profits have increased as a result of the development authorized in 1958 at a cost of £2,000,000.

One of the objects of the Company is to recover and to expand the traditional export trade of South Wales in steel sheets in the same way as has been achieved by us with tinplate and electrical sheets. Conditions in the world markets for these products are becoming more competitive. A conference of our overseas representatives was held in September, 1960, when thirty-five persons from all parts of the world spent a week as our guests to visit the various works and to discuss matters of common interest.

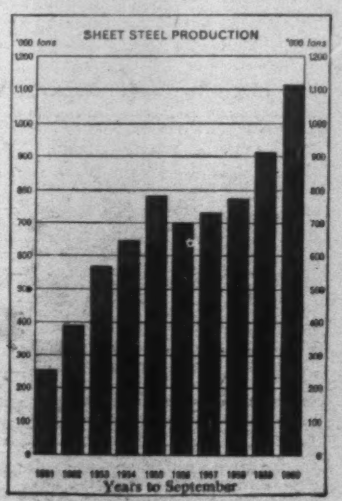
DIVERSIFICATION

The Company supplies a very wide cross-section of industry. Not only do we supply large quantities of sheets and plates to the general engineering industries, but substantial quantities of sheets are specially prepared for the electrical industry. In addition about 40 per cent of the total production is sent to our Tinplate Division. It will be seen, therefore, that we enjoy a large measure of diversification.

At the end of the year the Company employed 25,153 persons, compared with 23,148 a year ago. In addition 2,336 were employed on capital development. Our staff and workpeople have done an excellent year's work and they have every reason to be proud of the results.

There are some signs of recession in world trade. If the tendency were to spread, the results of our Company for the current year could suffer.

* * *



THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

This is Broadsheet No. 22 from the City of Steel

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words). minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

Applications are invited for an ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP (£800 x 50 to £950) or LECTURESHIP (£1,050 x 50 to £1,400 x 75 to £1,850) in PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION in the Department of Political Science.

Applications (2 copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 15 February 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (Commerce and Social Science), The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM FACULTY OF COMMERCE AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

Applications are invited for an ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP (£800 x 50 to £950) or LECTURESHIP (£1,050 x 50 to £1,400 x 75 to £1,850) in the Department of Commerce. Special qualifications in the theory of the firm and in the application of that theory to industrial economics would be an advantage.

Applications (2 copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 15 February 1961, to the Assistant Registrar (Commerce and Social Science), The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

PARKSIDE HOSPITAL, MACCLESFIELD

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

– Whole-time post at this psychiatric hospital (1600 beds).

Whitley Council salary scale (£1,025 to £1,425 p.a.) and conditions of service. Hospital run on open ward principle; all modern forms of treatment; busy Out-Patient Clinic and Neuro-Surgical Unit.

In-service training scheme likely to be introduced, in which successful candidate will participate.

Apply to Medical Superintendent, giving detail of qualifications and experience and quoting two referees.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Child Care Officer

Applications are invited from women possessing the Home Office Certificate in Child Care or a recognised University Qualification in Social Science and with experience in the child care field, and a special interest in adoption work, for a post as a child care officer based at the Shire Hall, Nottingham.

Assisted car purchase scheme. Salary within the new Special Scale of £665 to £975 per annum. Application form and further particulars are obtainable from Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of CHILD CARE OFFICER. Degree, Social Science qualification, or Child Care Certificate required. Salary on special scale – £665 to £975 p.a. This scale is, however, under review, and the starting salary is likely to be above the minimum of the scale, particularly for candidates in possession of the Child Care Officer's Certificate. Possession of car an advantage – loan scheme available.

Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. PO Box 93.

Closing date for applications – 8 February 1961.

THE INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS

Information and Library Officer

Graduate required for March 1961 to take charge of developing library of books, pamphlets and periodical articles. Starting salary £650-£800 according to experience.
Box 9956.

BOOK-KEEPER required to assist Accountant and to relieve in Reception Office at well-known North Wales Hotel. Easter to the end of September. Box 9845.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

MANAGEMENT CONSULTANCY

URWICK, ORR & PARTNERS LIMITED invite applications from men, aged about 26 to 37, for appointment to the

OPERATIONAL RESEARCH DIVISION

of their Consultant Staff.

Basic requirements are:

A. An honours degree in Mathematics, Natural Science or Engineering with good subsidiary mathematics.

B. Previous practical experience of industrial and commercial Operational Research problems.

Some special knowledge of mathematical statistics would be an advantage but is not essential.

The work involves (1) diagnosing industrial and commercial problems to which Operational Research methods can be applied; (2) devising solutions; (3) convincing the Boardroom and Management of the soundness of the solutions; (4) implementing the agreed proposals.

Special training for this work is given at the Urwick Management Centre, and in operating conditions under guidance.

Reasonable mobility within the British Isles for a few years is expected. Emoluments are high and are based on an attractive salary policy, with partnership profit-sharing and a pensions scheme. There are openings abroad for those who want them.

Applicants should send, in confidence, a short but comprehensive statement about their careers and background to the Company, at Urwick House, 14 Hobart Place, London, SW1, quoting reference OR/1111/NS on the envelope.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for Prison Welfare Officer posts at HM Prisons, Cardiff and Swansea. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification desirable. Commencing salary of £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. The Prison Welfare Service presents a new challenge to social workers. Further details and application forms (returnable by 27 January 1961) from:

General Secretary, NADPAS,
66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

The Birches, New Road, Bromsgrove
(12 beds)

Wanted as resident Deputy Warden for Girls' Hostel (15 to 18 years), a domesticated woman with real interest in adolescent girls and ability to understand their problems and guide them in their leisure pursuits.

Knowledge of cooking, needlework and housecraft desirable and residential experience an advantage.

Salary £[illegible]20 x £20 to £535 less £120 for board and lodging. Appointment superannuable.

Apply to Children's Officer, 28 Foregate Street, Worcester, stating age, experience and names and addresses of 2 referees, within 14 days of this advertisement. (H.151).

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead. Active retired nurse also considered. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Please apply to the Matron, Otto Schiff House, 14 Netherhall Gardens, NW3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

THE UNITED CAMBRIDGE HOSPITALS and THE FULBOURN AND RIVERSFIELD GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the United Cambridge Hospitals. The department consists of five staff, two Psychiatric Social Workers, Trainee and two Social Workers. The work entails both outpatient work at the Psychiatric Clinic at Addenbrooke's Hospital and inpatient work at Fulbourn Hospital. There is regular opportunity for case discussions, attending lectures etc. The post is a varied and interesting one and covers quite a wide area of the country. Further information can be obtained from Miss M. J. Ferguson, Senior Psychiatric Social Worker.

Applications with the names of three Referees should be sent to the Secretary, United Cambridge Hospitals, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, by 6 February 1961.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL EDUCATION DEPT.

(1) YOUTH EMPLOYMENT OFFICER (male or female) reqd at the Heston & Isleworth Youth Employment Bureau. Exper. in Youth Employment Service essential. Salary APT III £980-£1,185. Commencing salary to be determined accdg to ability, quals and exper. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 27 January.

(2) PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER full-time reqd at Child Guidance Centre, 82 Gayton Rd, Harrow. PTA quals & salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, High St, Harrow-on-the-Hill, returnable by 30 January.

Both posts: Prescribed conditions.

(Quote F.234 N.S.N.)

ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE YOUTH SERVICE AND YOUTH EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified WOMEN for appointments as Assistant Youth Officer at Dagenham and Walthamstow to assist the Youth Officers in organising and developing the Youth Service and the Youth Employment Service.

Degree, appropriate diploma or teaching qualification required and experience in the Youth Service or the Youth Employment Service desirable.

Salary in accordance with APTD III (£960 to £1,140 per annum), plus London Weighting.

Forms and further particulars available (stamped addressed envelope) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

HOME SUPERVISORS (Resident) are required at 'Moorside', a new experimental Approved School for senior girls run on the small group system. The girls live in cottages in the grounds, a Home Supervisor being in charge of a cottage housing seven girls. The school is situated in beautiful surroundings within five miles of the centre of Sheffield.

Salary scale £625-£725 less emoluments of £120 p.a. Six weeks holiday: good off duty.

Write for further details to The Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

GUILD of Insurance Officials invites applications for the position of Assistant Secretary. Experience of Trade Union administration and negotiations essential. Applications (marked 'Application Assistant Secretary') to Guild of Insurance Officials, 24 Railway Approach, London Bridge, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

The Prison Welfare Service presents a new challenge to social workers. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prison, Exeter. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification desirable. Commencing salary, as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. Further details and application forms (returnable by 3 February 1961) from: General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

CITY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER

Applications are invited for this important appointment from women who hold Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Social Science Degree or Diploma, and who have had wide experience of work in the child care field.

Duties will be mainly concerned with co-ordination and supervision of the work of the Child Care Staff, advising on case work problems and the training of students. A small case load will be carried, and it is hoped that opportunity will arise for study of special projects.

Salary APT III (£960-£1,140 p.a.)
The post is superannuable and subject to a medical examination.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 6 February 1961.

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT

**Oak Hall Residential Nursery,
Heathfield, Sussex**

This nursery for 54 children under 5 years pleasantly situated in the heart of Sussex, needs a deputy superintendent who is experienced in residential nursery work. The position calls for a woman of resource and initiative with a sound knowledge of modern child care and domestic management. The possession of a nursing and/or institutional management qualification will be an advantage. Salary, under review, probably £675-£750, less £138 for board, etc. 6 weeks annual leave. Application form and further details from the Children's Officer (SDO/N/10/1), LCC, The County Hall, SE1.

THE DARTFORD SCHOOL OF NURSING

Situated within easy reach of Central London – 30 minutes by train or coach. General training for resident or non-resident Student Nurses with up-to-date facilities. Three year course with study block system and 4 weeks' leave each year. Pleasant and comfortable Homes with good recreational facilities. School terms commence February, June and October.

A visit may be paid to the School and the hospitals by appointment. Applications or requests for further information to the Matron and Superintendent of Nurse Training (Room No. 50), Dartford School of Nursing, Bow Arrow Lane, Dartford, Kent.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Now is the time for all wise girls to start thinking of settling into permanent work. Secretaries, typists and all grades of clerical staff are well placed by

Stella Fisher Bureau
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644

Licensed Annually by LCC.

Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

LCC West London College of Commerce, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill Rd, W8. Lecturer required from 1 April 1961 to undertake supervision of a College branch and to teach Commercial Subjects to Final Professional level. University degree and/or appropriate professional qualification required. A legal qualification would be an added recommendation. Salary scale £1,408-£1,601 including London allowance. Application forms from Secretary to be returned to Principal by 31 January 1961. Please quote (FE3a/N/155/1).

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation with London headquarters requires immediately German translator/interpreter. German mother tongue, good knowledge English and French; other languages such as Spanish, Scandinavian or Dutch an advantage. Interesting permanent and pensionable post involving foreign travel. Both simultaneous and consecutive interpreting used. Apply with full details to Box 9863.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worth while career for men and women in an expanding service. One year university courses are provided for those with university qualifications in social science. Candidates with teaching, health visiting or comparable qualifications are also invited to apply and can be considered for certain courses. There are specially designed courses for graduates in subjects other than social science which can be started in August and completed at the end of the following year. Two year courses designed for persons over 25 years of age with relevant experience who do not have university entrance qualifications are also available. Grants are awarded where needed.

Further information obtainable from the Central Training Council in Child Care (13j), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Senior Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-named position in the Department of French. Candidates should hold a higher degree of a French University and have had some experience in teaching at a British University. The salary range for the position is £A2,450 – £A2,950 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU. The appointee will be expected to take up duty at the beginning of August 1961. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment, before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 18 March 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Department of Classics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, 10 March 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Director of a post-graduate course leading to a Diploma in Youth Work, which is to be instituted by the University in the session 1961-2. The post will have the status of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in the University. Preference will be given to candidates who are interested in developing research in this field. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer £1,050-£1,850; Senior Lecturer £1,925-£2,325. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 8 February 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Political and Social Theory). Salary scale £800-£950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 4 February 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accomm. & clerical assistance available. Scope for individual interest in this developing field of psychiatric social work. There is an establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers and a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Casework consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 3 February. (Quote F.215 NS).

HOUSEMASTER (resident or non-resident, married or single) required to make up complement of eight at Stamford House, London, W12, a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys under 16 years. Four groups (two of 30 boys and two of 20) physically separate except at assembly and meals, will each be supervised by housemasters with supporting staff. Successful candidate will be member of team of specialists engaged on assessment and allocation of boys committed to approved schools and in producing reports for courts on boys remanded. Boys spend normal school hours in education department. Duties include liaison with probation officers, welfare officers etc. and cooperation with psychologists, psychiatric social workers and psychiatrists. Opportunity of contact with approved schools in central and southern England. Comparable experience (preferably in approved schools) essential; degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care certificate an advantage. Salary within £675-£980 less £138 for accommodation and board etc. 8 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/58/1), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

HOUSEMOTHERS/Housefathers reqd. Hostel Maladjusted Children. Apply giving particulars of experience together with the names of two referees. Hever Warren, Hever, Edenbridge, Kent.

MATRON required for the Samuel Lewis Convalescent Home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex. (80 adults). Qualified nurse with experience of control of staff and administration essential. Apply in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, (H.4), Jewish Board of Guardians, 74A Charlotte St, Lond., W1.

CENTRAL Office of Information require an Information Officer (unestablished) to undertake sub-editing and general editorial work including research, feature planning, commissioning and caption writing for their overseas magazines. The work calls for a wide practical knowledge of magazine editorial techniques, a skill in feature construction and adaptation, and a sound understanding of British and international affairs. Candidates should have had previous experience on a quality newspaper or periodical. Salary £1,258-£1,470. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (P.E.440), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, Lon., EC4.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television News in Cardiff. Duties under direction of News Editor: to assist with preparation and mounting of news programmes and topical items, and to direct cameras; to provide editorial briefing for outside assignments; to assist in selection of films and direction of film sequences for news bulletins and other programmes. Good education, capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure, and knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Experience in Television of films, with some knowledge of film cutting and editing desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.15.N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ASSISTANT Translator: Board of Trade. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 20 on 1.2.61 with good qualifications in French and German (normally to at least 2nd class honours degree standard) and a high degree of competence in translating from both languages into good English. Knowledge of one or more other languages an advantage. Starting salary £558 (at 20) to £788 (25 or over), except that a candidate over 25 may receive higher starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Scale maximum £1.184. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5253/61. Closing date 10 February 1961.

CLAYBURY Hospital, Woodford Bridge, Woodford Green, Essex. There are two vacancies for full-time Psychiatric Social Workers at this hospital of 2,300 beds, one to work mainly in the Neurosis Units, and one to concentrate on the rehabilitation schemes. There will shortly be a part-time vacancy also. The approach to treatment is progressive, with emphasis on the 'therapeutic community'. The work is very varied and there is scope for the development of individual interests. Particulars may be obtained from Miss Spackman, Senior PSW. (Telephone Buckhurst 7171). Applications should be made to the Physician Superintendent within 28 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers required in Public Health department for appointment as assistant organisers of children's care, whose duties may include case work with problem families. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service, attendance at school clinics and hospitals and social work arising, close co-operation with voluntary care-committee workers and some responsibility for their recruitment and training. Case work with problem families usually prolonged, intensive and aimed to help such families become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Previous experience in practical social work essential and social science training preferable. Married women eligible. £700-£940 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/117/1), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 27 February.

CLUB Leader. Experienced part-time man required for Roman Catholic club in East London. Three evenings a week. Good Premises. Scope for development. Salary will be negotiated. Apply to Rev. R. Aylward, 2 Lukin St, Ldn. E1. STE. 5911.

SECRETARIES and Stenographers of English mother-tongue are required by the Headquarters of the World Health Organization, Geneva. Contracts offered minimum two years. Good salary and allowances. 30 days holiday a year. Minimum standards required: Grammar school education with School Certificate or GCE; two years' office experience; 100 w.p.m. shorthand, 50 w.p.m. typing. Age limits 21-35. A stenography examination will be held in London early in March. Successful candidates will be recruited during the following two to three months. Applications should be sent to Room 223, WHO, Palais des Nations, Geneva, enclosing snapshot (not returnable) and listing details of previous posts, nationality at birth and at present, mother-tongue, age, education and speeds. Further information will be sent only to those likely to be considered for testing. Closing date: 27 January 1961.

ROYAL Institute of British Architects require clerk. M. or f. preferably under 30, well-educated, for statistical dept. Neatness, accuracy, interest in figure work essential. Ability to draw graphs etc. desirable. Salary in the range £400 x 25 – 600 according to experience. Apply in writing: Assistant Secretary (Statistics), RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1.

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8, wishes to engage a young man, within the age-limits of 21 to 25, for permanent employment in its Secretariat. Prospects of advancement for a young man of good presence and with an aptitude for figures. Serious applicants, who believe they are fitted for a career in communal administration, are invited to submit to the Secretary, in writing and in confidence, full details of their education and career to date, together with copies of any testimonials they may possess.

LEAD an Adventure for teenagers during your summer vac. You'll need humour and understanding, organising ability, to be fit and to enjoy youth hostelling. Application form from: Peter Hall, YHA, St Albans, Herts.

WANTED Youth Counsellor for Anglo-Israel Summer Camp. July, August. Essential mother tongue English. Race, creed, colour irrelevant. Write Hadassah Bat Haim, Nahariya, Israel.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, has two vacancies for girls wanting something other than the routine of a large office. (1) Junior Clerk/Typist, aged about 16, for general office duties. (2) Clerk/typist aged 18 or over to train for responsible and interesting work in connection with adult classes. (Clerk at present in charge of this work leaving at Easter). Salary in both cases according to age and experience, on scale £300 x £25 to £500 (under review). Apply S. Church, Secretary, WEA, London District, 28 Woburn Square, WC1. MUSeum 5570.

PERSONAL Secretary required for Executive of Industrial Design Organisation in Mayfair area. Salary to suit, five day week, luncheon vouchers. Secretarial efficiency and interest in design, packaging or printing essential, advertising experience advantageous. Write with all particulars to Box 9921.

CAPABLE part-time female clerk required by Bailliere, Tindall & Cox, Ltd, Medical and Veterinary Publishers and Booksellers, 7-8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, WC2, for cataloguing and publicity work in their Mail Order Department. Previous experience preferable but not essential. Some typing ability necessary. 4 to 5 hours daily by agreement. Rate 5s. per hour. Ring TEM. 3386.

REQD February general junior studio assistant for designer's office. Art training essential. Lucienne Day, FLA. 1455.

REQUIRED urgently, experienced Secretary, preferably Public Relations outlook. West End near Marble Arch. Accuracy vital for work with printers. Half-time or full-time. Box 9973.

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SECRETARY, 23/35, for architectural partner. £12/£13. LV's. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738/9.

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McMASTER University, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Graduate Teaching Fellowships. Application is invited from honours graduates for Teaching Fellowships in support of work leading to the master of arts degree in Classics, Economics, English, French, German, History, Philosophy, Politics, Psychology, or Sociology, and to the Doctor of Philosophy degree in Psychology. Fellows receive $1,500 for the academic year (8 months) and are required to devote approximately one quarter of their time to instructional duties. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Dean of Graduate Studies, McMaster University.

BURSARIES

THE National Old People's Welfare Council invites applications for two bursaries for training for social case-work with particular reference to elderly people and their families. The bursaries are tenable at the one-year Applied Social Studies course at the London School of Economics and Political Science. A degree or diploma in Social Studies (including field work) is an essential pre-requisite for this course. Each bursary will consist of a maintenance grant according to age and previous experience of between £400 and £550, plus tuition fees, essential travelling expenses, a book allowance and, if necessary, dependants' allowances. Further particulars and forms of application are obtainable from the Secretary, National Old People's Welfare Council, 26 Bedford Square, WC1. The latest date for receipt of applications is 14 February 1961.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

TROPICAL, sunny Grenada, West Indies. Modern architect-designed 4 bedroom, 3 bathroom house, all services, fully equipped Swedish kitchen, indoor garden patio, large terraces, hardwood floors with ½ acre garden behind lovely white sand beach in exclusive residential development – Freehold £9,700. Write Westerhall Point, Grenada, West Indies.

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URGENTLY required as office premises one or two rooms, moderate rent, reasonably central. Would consider sharing larger accommodation with other sympathetic organisation. United Nations Association London Regional Council, 8 Upper Belgrave Street, SW1. Tel. SLO. 7726.

PERSONAL

WEEKEND work desired by young man 19. Clerical or outdoor. Box 9927.

EXPERIENCED sail crew/mate/skipper, writer NS, francophil, sks cruising August, sharing expenses. Box 9784.

INDIAN girl 16/17, Senior Cambridge, fluent English speaker, wishes study languages London and join English family. Would help in home and pay arranged contribution. Box 9606.

BRITTANY or Spain: graduate couple with 15-month old baby seek similar family to share villa early June. Box 9903.

PROF. women over 40 sk others join in project obtain s/c. flats. Box 9902.

HEAD Almoner, fit and adventurous, offers services own profession and/or other capacity, home or abroad. Nursing, secretarial exper. Good cook and speaks French. Free early spring. Box 9792.

YOUNG man studying French (London) wishes to practise conversation with French person. English conversation or modest fee in return. Box 9935.

TEACHER 23, f. poor, sks cheap home return wkend & little evening work. Pub., hostel, family, etc. Aug. Box 9844

TUTOR required GCE 'A' level Mathematics, Physics, also Chemistry. Few hours weekly. NW London. Box 9908.

MIDDLE-aged widower with two children at day school offers home and salary to young widow and her child if she will give affection, entertainment and upbringing to his children and run his house; part-time help with housework could be found. Box 9971.

MARRIED lady, 25, wishes to assist in Infant/Junior School. London/West Middlesex. Box 9739.

STOCKHOLM. Graduate going Stockholm. Commissions accepted. GLA 5134

BLOOMSBURY Players who meet at a Central London Evening Institute are a young experimental drama group. They need amateur actors, actresses and stage-hands. Intelligence and enthusiasm are more important than experience as training is given. CANonbury 9107.

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CLARION Youth Hostel. Large country house with facilities to accommodate up to 60 students for Weekend Schools. Write for details to the Secretary, 'Leavers', Hadlow, Near Tonbridge, Kent.

HOLLAND. Dutch teacher of Engl. and wife invite p. guests to their home in bulb-sea area, daily showing them Holland by car. Also colleagues' houses to let. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem (6d stp)

GALA Dance at Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Sq. 28 Jan. 8 p.m. 7s. 6d. non-members welcome. For details of other informal parties for holidays, theatres, concerts etc., send s.a.e. to Companions Club, 11S Dryden Chambers, W1.

RUSSIAN lessons given by ex Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd, NW6.

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A FAMILY History. A team of experts undertakes Genealogical and Heraldic Research and Art Work. Write first: C. R. Humphery-Smith, 239 Staines Road West, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, England.

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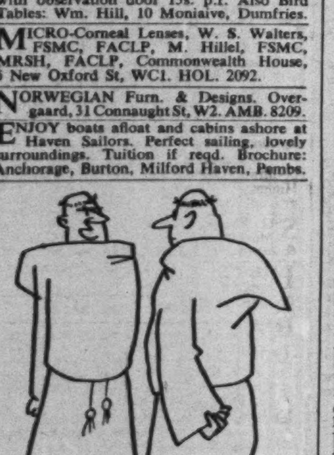

'Come over to my cell and I'll play some of my favourite confessions!'

PERSONAL—continued

EVENING Drama Classes. Vacancies still exist for young men. Term commencing January. No experience reqd. Own theatre and rehearsal room. Ring MOU. 5885, write: Mountview Theatre, 104 Crouch Hill, N8.

$10,000 award – for the winner of the Prix Formentor International Fiction Competition. Closing date for entries 1 February. Enquiries to Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 20 New Bond St, W1. HYD. 0262.

BE a gold-digger for refugees. Old gold from broken jewellery, spectacle frames, dentures, watches, pens, can become food or medical supplies. Send us all you can find (any saleable articles welcome), to: Gift Aid, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

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AUTHORS under 30: short story competition. First prize £50; second £30; third £20. Send entries, limit 5,000 words, by 1 March 1961 to 'Transatlantic Review', Flat One, 33 Ennismore Gardens, London, SW7. Mark envelopes 'Short Story Competition' and send s.a.e. for return.

GREETING Cards, Prints, Picture-framing. Hogarth Gallery close to Earls Court Stn. Tel. FRE. 3328. Open all day Sat.

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MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

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PERSONAL—continued

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A COUNTRY holiday amidst Surrey pine-hills. Chalets equipped for self-catering; swimming, tennis, games rm, TV, 30 miles Ldn. Treetops, Farley Green, Guildford.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.120

WILL you help 15 million sufferers from leprosy? Hear Group-Capt. Cheshire, VC, Dr R. G. Cochrane, Dr Florence Collier at Church House, Westminster; Tuesday, 24 Jan. at 7.30 p.m. Adm. free.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m., 22 Jan. Francis Bacon (b. 22 Jan. 1561) in Science, Literature & Government: Maurice Cranston, MA. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 24 Jan. Building Everywhere, For What? Dr D. Stark Murray. Open Discussion.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 26 January, 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'Blending of Devotion and Dedicated Work for Spiritual Development'.

'THEOSOPHY Practically Speaking'. Public lect. 22 Jan. 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 22 Jan. 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Our Laws, Our Morals, and Ourselves: F. H. Amphlett Micklewright.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. R. Sickinger (The Austrian Institute): The Salzburg Festival (Illus.). 8.30. Fri. 27 Jan. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SHORT Course in Operational Research. The London School of Economics and Political Science will hold a further Course in Operational Research from 10 April to 21 April 1961 for graduates or persons with equivalent qualifications and suitable experience. The non-residential fee is £50. Particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Registrar, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2. The last date for the return of completed application forms is 15 March.

BRAZILIAN-Portuguese classes, sponsored by Brazilian Govt. Trade Bureau, commencing on 30 and 31 January 1961. Beginners' and intermediate levels. Full details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford Street, W1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPAIN: Holiday Course at Cordoba 19 March-23 April. Holy Week & Excursions to Seville Feria & Granada. 4 hrs tuition p. day, full b. & lodging: £8 p. wk. Also Spanish classes in London. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write to Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

CHINESE Language Bureau (Graduate tutors). Private tuition. Newspapers. Scientific Chinese. Special Courses. All examinations. Box 9736.

RUSSIAN Lessons at home. Native-born tutor. Perfect diction. Mr Gothill, 11 Merrion Court, Stanmore, Mdx. GRI. 1998.

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams. espec. Degree. Box 9639.

BIBLE Study – Correspondence Course free on application to Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

IT'S fun – and profitable! If you like to draw, invest in the Famous Artists Home Study Art Course. The brilliant instruction you will receive from these famous artists, in the comfort of your own home, will ensure your success. Let us assess your ability. Send for free Talent Test to Famous Artist Schools, 17 Westport, Godalming.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

ACADEMY, Cambridge. 3-12 months Secretarial Courses. Prospectus, The Principal, 46 City Road, Cambridge.

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EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS

EASTER and Summer Drama Schools. Seven-Day Courses. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington, London, W11. Syllabus from: Registrar, Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel. WIMbledon 2161.

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
CHESTER INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL
15 July-5 August 1961 at The College, CHESTER

Courses on Literature, Music, Art, Architecture, Philosophy, Psychology, Clear Thinking and Expression, World Affairs, The English Social and Political Scene, Changing Views of the Universe, Local History and Geography, New Ideas in Industrial Management; French, German and Russian Reading and Conversation; two weeks course in Practical Techniques in Archaeology; special courses in English Language and Literature for Foreign students.

Students may enrol for one, two or three weeks. Accommodation in single study-bedrooms.

For Prospectus apply to: Department of Extra-Mural Studies, 9 Abercromby Square, Liverpool, 7.

LCS Education Department, Theatre Workshop, Workers Music Association, are working in conjunction to provide LCS members with an unusual and inspiring holiday at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, 24 June/1 July 1961. Three courses, Music, Theatre, and Social Problems, at £6 per week inc. Full details before 13 Feb. from LCS Education Dept (NS), 13 Soho Sq, W1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SCHOLARSHIPS & STUDENTSHIPS

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
THE FACULTIES OF ARTS, ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL STUDIES AND LAW
Postgraduate Scholarships

Applications are invited for not more than three Postgraduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £360 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October 1961, for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years.

Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1961) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2. Closing date 1 May 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
THE FACULTIES OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND MEDICINE
Postgraduate Scholarships

Applications are invited for not more than three Postgraduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £360 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October 1961, for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1961) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2. Closing date 1 May 1961.

THE French Government is offering to British students a number of scholarships of several months duration for research work in all fields of study: Arts subjects, Science, Medicine, Agriculture, Fine Art, Music, Drama etc. Apply to the Cultural Attaché, the French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, SW1, before 11 February 1961.

FILM Studentships, University College London. One or more Studentships (£600 p.a. each), tenable for one session from October 1961, may be awarded to suitably qualified applicants who wish to undertake research in some aspect of the Film. Candidates should normally be university graduates. Further information and application forms, which must be returned by 1 May 1961, may be obtained from the Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College London, Gower Street, London, WC2.

SCHOLARSHIPS & STUDENTSHIPS—continued

CO-OPERATIVE COLLEGE
STANFORD HALL, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

One hundred scholarships available for session 1961/62. These cover nine months' residence, tuition and personal allowance.

Course in SOCIAL STUDIES for UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM DIPLOMA for external students; and Course for DIPLOMA IN CO-OPERATION.

APPLICATIONS by 1 March.
Particulars from the Administrative Officer.

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships for full-time research or advanced study:– In any subject (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£375, plus tuition fees, for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£375 p.a., plus tuition fees, for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubber Studentship (£375, plus tuition fees, for one year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships (value according to need – for one year). In English (e) Mary Ann Britt Studentship (£100 for one year); Applicants for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28. Further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, WC1, to whom applications must be returned by 1 March 1961.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

JERSEY. St George's Preparatory. Vacancies boarders following extensions. Prog. methods. Headmaster R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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FURN. s/c. flat Hampstead, 2 rms, kit., bathrm. 3 mths. 6 gns weekly. Box 9554.

IDEAL furn. dble b/sit. ¼ hr W End. 70s. Refs. GLA. 3131 Sun. or evgs.

BED-sit., share kitchen, bath, tel., etc. in large light pleasant 5th floor flat near Queensway shared by 4 (m. 23-35). No restrictions. BAY. 8714.

SWISS Cottage. Large double room, own small kit. 95s. weekly. PRI. 3414.

FURN. flat, attrac., close Golders Grn Tube. 3 rms, kit., bath, sep. toilet. 11 gns p.w. Garage avail. SPE. 1451 evgs.

QUIET bachelor offered unfurn. balcony flat SW4. £160 p.a. 2 rooms, k., b Pannett & Neden, Estate Dept, 206-8 Stewarts Road, SW8. MAC. 5064.

WEST Hampstead, lge dble b/sit., comf. kit.-diner, c.h.w., bathrm, tel. Refs. MAI. 3175 before 10 a.m. or Box 9924.

SINGLE bed-sitter in Doctor's house, h. & c. water, gas fire, cooker. 3 gns per week. Tel. CANonbury 4554.

FINCHLEY. Furn. bed-sitter. Employed lady, £2 5s. Own meter & sink. 38 Cyprus Rd, N3. FIN. 1149.

FINCHLEY Rd Stn. 2 part-furn. rooms in s/c. flat. Share bath, kitchen, 'phone. Professional woman. Feb. Box 9862.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

W11. Lge b/sit., 1 or 2 students, share bthrm, ckg facs. 4 gns. BAY. 4228.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny 2-roomed flat, fine view. Employed person. TUD. 8160

DON'T get cold feet. Let us do the looking for you. We always have a large selection of clean and comfortable accommodation in North West London at rentals under 10 gns. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row NW3. HAM 0027.

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PARSONS Green, SW6. Room and share house with mother and toddler till June. B'fast & evng meal £3 10s. p.w. REN. 3743.

3RD girl for lge flat NW3. Own 2 comf. furn. rms, sep. ckg facs. Share bath. £4 wkly incl. elec./gas. PRI. 9044 evgs/wkend.

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TO Let, furnished flat in Barnes. Two large rooms and modernised kitchen. Share bathroom, suit two. PROspect 5032.

PUTNEY. Sunny sitting room & bedroom 65s. wkly. Newly dec., own ckg facs, use bathrm same floor. Prof. household. Exc. trans. Suit prof. woman. PUT. 5648.

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IDEAL tenant (or even purchaser) seeks unfurnished 2-roomed s/c. flat at moderate rent NW London. Single professional woman. Box 9538.

YOUNG prof. couple seek furn. flat nr South Ken. or Earls Ct tube stns. Phone KIN. 5085 evenings or weekends.

GENTLEMAN 60 reqs accom. London. Bed/sit., gas ring, hot/cold. Ample cupboard space. Moderate terms. Box 9556.

YNG W. African couple, graduates, husb. schoolmaster, req. furn. s/c flat, 2 rms. Reas. rent. N/NW London. Box 9831.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST requires consulting room, sessional, private home preferred, central near Tube. CUN. 3394.

NIGERIAN lady reqs lge s/c. flat easy access St Mary's, Pad. Box 9961.

PART-time student, singing (woman own piano) reqs b/s., ckg facs or flatlet Golders Grn, Hampstead. Box 9963.

FURNISHED flat, minimum three rooms, kitchen and bath required by three professional men. Box 9934.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'SURVIVAL', the indispensable bi-monthly journal for everyone concerned with strategy, disarmament and security. Reprints and condensations of significant articles, facts and statements, Soviet and Western. Now reduced in price to £1 8s. a year, 5s. a copy. Order direct from the Institute for Strategic Studies, 18 Adam Street, London, WC2.

THE Great Debate on foreign policy and defence at Scarborough is now available in pamphlet form from The Labour Party Bookshop, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1. Price 9d. (by post 1s. 1d.)

'THIS new man is the biggest problem of our time. Politicians and statesmen are so much annoyed without knowing what to do with him.' Who is this new man? Tom Mboya, Castro or Kennedy? Read the sensational 'New Ideas on the March' only 2s. 9d. from JP, 133 Drummond St, NW1.

'ID', journal for all progressive parents and teachers. Articles A. S. Neill, etc. 2d. stamp for specimen copy: 311 Seely Road, SW17.

PEMBROKE Chapel, Liverpool, 1838-1931, by Ian Sellers. Controversy, violence and bloodshed are the ingredients of this story of the fight for Progressive principles in modern Liverpool. Duplicated edition. 7s. 6d. inc. postage. From author, 34 Craig Walk, Alsager, Stoke-on-Trent.

THE Dogs' Bulletin, Britain's only canine newspaper which is strictly for people, needs short stories, and articles of topical interest concerning dogs. Length 1,000 words. Occasional poems. Nothing twee or sentimental. Payment 10-12 guineas. Manuscripts to 10 Seymour Street, London, W1.

LLOYD'S Bookshop, 64 High St, Wimbledon Common. Last 2 days of sale: interesting selection of bargains.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

S/H Books bought on Politics, Labour Movement, Lit., Hist. & Crit. etc. Noble & Saunders, 24 Gladwell Rd N8. MOU 2831.

FRENCH books. Complete libraries bought. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St, SW1. VIC. 1583.

ROAD Slaughters could be stopped. Write for leaflet BM/JONIB, London, WC1.

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OPERA & BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2.
(COVent Garden 1066)

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

23 Jan. at 7.30 & 26 Jan. at 7.0	Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci
24 Jan. at 7.30	Orpheus
28 Jan. at 7.30	La Bohème

THE ROYAL BALLET

25 Jan. at 7.30	Coppelia, Sweeney Todd
27 Jan. at 7.30	Solitaire, La Fête Etrange, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
(TERminus 1672)

24 Jan. at 7.0	Tannhäuser
25 Jan. at 7.30	Ariadne in Naxos
26 & 28 Jan. at 7.30	Die Fledermaus
27 Jan. at 7.30	Barber of Seville

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, Sats. 5.0 & 8.0. Mortimer, Simpson, Pinter. Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Schrecks' by Murray Schisgal. An Evening of Hysteria. 'A powerful talent . . an excellent group' New Statesman. Sundays at 7.30. 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. Admission Free. Res. CHA. 5037.

QUESTORS Theatre, EAL. 5184. Ibsen's 'Ghosts'. 28 Jan. to 8 Feb., 7.30. (Mat. 5 Feb. at 3 p.m.). Members only. New members welcome.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Last perfs 5.0, 8.15, Shelagh Delaney's 'The Lion in Love'. 23 Jan. Micheal Mac Liammoir in 'The Importance of Being Oscar'.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. From 23 Jan. 7.30, 'We're Just Not Practical'.

TOWER, N1. CAN. 3475 (9-6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). 7.30. 19-21 Jan.: 'The Silver Curlew'. Mat. 21 Jan. at 2.30. Spring season opens 17 Feb.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. New musical, 'Misadventures of Mr Pickwick'. Last 3 perfs. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Members.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Tito Gobbi in 'The Barber of Seville' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 22 Jan.: Melina Mercouri in Dassin's 'Celui Qui Doit Mourir' (X). From 23 Jan.: de Sica's 'Il Tetto' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his group, 8-11 p.m. Saturday 21 January. Members 3s., Guests 5s. (The last Dance until further notice will be on Saturday 28 January).

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 21 Jan., 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Prints and Facsimiles; full range may be seen at Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1, or all good printshops. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Vera Haller and Wolfgang Hollegha. Two artists from Europe. Until 18 February. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems free.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Landscapes John O'Connor. 10-31 Jan.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY
Church Street
Memorial Exhibition of the work of
REX WHISTLER
(1905-1944)
7 to 29 JANUARY
Weekdays: 10-7. Sundays: 2-6.
Admission free.

IRELAND'S Greatest Treasure: The Book of Kells. Never before seen outside Ireland, this priceless 8th Century illuminated manuscript, and other beautiful examples of Celtic art from Trinity College, Dublin, may now be seen in the Exhibition of Celtic Manuscripts at Burlington House, together with the Book of Lindisfarne from the British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Sundays 2-6 p.m. 12 January-5 March. Admission 2s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the fourteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 1 March 1961. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

ZADKINE. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 12 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

BERNARD Leach. Fifty years a potter. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Landscape for Living).

LANDSCAPE for Living. Arranged by Institute of Landscape Architects. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Bernard Leach).

TOOTHS. Opening 24 Jan. 'Six American Abstract Painters'. Daily 9.30-5.30, Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W1.

EXHIBITION of Paintings of Young German Artists at the German Institute, 51 Princes Gate (Exhibition Road), SW7. 17-28 Jan. 1961. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 3-6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Adm. free.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. 'Construction: England: 1950-60' (Pasmore, Martin, Hill, etc.), to 4 Feb., 10-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Hans Tisdall – Paintings. Until 10 Feb. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries: Annual New Year Exhibition. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Till 26 Jan.

MOLTON Gallery. Zadkine – Sculpture, Drawings and Lithographs. 10 January – 4 February. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. 1st Anniversary Exhibition 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. With Selected Group from Paris. 19 Jan.-3 Feb. Wkdays 10-5 p.m. Adm 1s. 6d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Painters of 1960. (Weekdays 10-5.30 and Sats 10-1).

THE Waddington Galleries. Paintings Henri Hayden. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Lionel Miskin: Paintings from Cornwall. Paul Mann: Abstractions in Cellulose. 23 Jan.-11 Feb. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NLR CLUB
PRIORITY QUESTIONS: TRANSPORT
DENIS BUTT
DAVID BOWMAN, NUR
Partisan Basement: Monday 23 January, 8 p.m.
Admission: Members 1s. 6d.; non-members 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF SOCIALISM
Alternate Tuesdays in Partisan Basement at 8 p.m.
24 Jan.: MARX – Henry Collins
7 Feb.: Post-Marx Thought in Marxist Tradition (i) the Continent – Perry Anderson
21 Feb.: Post-Marx Thought in Marxist Tradition (ii) Britain – Ralph Miliband
7 Mar.: Revisionism in Britain and on the Continent – John Wilson
21 Mar.: The Socialist Tradition – Stuart Hall

LITERATURE AND POLITICS
Thursday evenings in Partisan Basement at 8 p.m.
26 Jan.: Addison Jones – Caudwell 'Studies in a Dying Culture'
2 Feb.: No meeting
9 Feb.: Maurice Butterworth – Tolstoi 'A Landlord's Morning' & 'Polikushka'
16 Feb.: Graham Martin – Lukacs 'Studies in European Realism'
23 Feb.: Joan Davies – Trotsky 'Literature and Revolution'
2 Mar.: No meeting
9 Mar.: John Wilkes – Discussion
16 Mar.: Stuart Hall – Politics, Literature and The 'New Left Review'
23 Mar.: Karl Miller – Problems of Reviewing

SOUTH AFRICA ACTION CONFERENCE
Saturday, 28 January, 2 p.m.
Unity House, Euston Road.
1st Session: South Africa & the Commonwealth.
Speakers: Anthony Greenwood, MP (Lab.), Tom Kellock (Lib.), Will Paynter (NUM), Oliver Tambo (SA United Front)
2nd Session: Discussion anti-apartheid programme leading up to Sharpeville Memorial Meeting, Trafalgar Square, 19 March.
Details: Anti-Apartheid, 200 Gower St, NW1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Courts in Contemporary Society – The Courts in Scotland' will be delivered by Professor T. B. Smith (Edinburgh) at 5 p.m. on 30 January at King's College, Strand, WC2. Adm. Free, Without Tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College, London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 24 Jan. 'Disarmament: problems and prospects' by Mr F. Parkinson; 26 Jan. 'Kippers sur Toast: some reflections on Anglo-French linguistic exchange' by Professor B. Woledge.

RELEASE Franco's Prisoners. Public Meeting. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Friday, 3 February, 8 p.m. Speakers – Arthur Horner & David Turner-Samuels (Observer present at recent political trial). Organ. by International Brigade Assoc. Adm. 6d. Also Poems of the Spanish Civil War.

POETRY & Blues: Partisan, Carlisle St, Soho, W1. 20 Jan., 9 p.m. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

COMMON Market – should Britain join? Hear Arthur Bottomley, Bob Edwards, MP, Fred Mulley, MP, David Ennals on this vital subject. One-day conference for Labour, Co-operative and Trade Union organisations; 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Sunday, 12 Feb., NUR Hall, Unity House, Euston Road, London, NW1. Delegates and Visitors credentials 2s. 6d. Organised by Federal Union (in association with National Council of Labour Colleges), 10 Wyndham Pl., London, W1. PAD. 6679.

LABOUR'S Defence Policy. Konni Zilliacus, MP, Jim Mortimer, at Labour Hall, Station Approach, Wealdstone, Middx, on Fri., 27 January 1961, 7.45. Jointly org. by Harrow Trades Council and VFS.

INDIA Republic Day, 26 January: meeting organised by India League and London Majlis, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, MP. Speakers: Ivor Montagu, Julius Silverman, MP. Colourful international cultural programme. Tickets 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s. at 31A John Adam Street, WC2.

'AMERICAN Labour in the New Administration', a lecture by William C. Gausmann, US Embassy Information Officer, American Embassy auditorium, Upper Brook Street entrance, London, W1. Wednesday, 25 January, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

PETER Taylor, author of 'The Long Fourth', 'Happy Families' et al. will read two new short stories, US Embassy auditorium, Upper Brook Street entrance, London, W1, Tuesday, 24 January at 4.30 p.m. Admission free.

JEWISH Music Week. Lectures at Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Berners Street, W1. Mon. 23 Jan. 8 p.m. Joseph Sussman, 'The Jew in Music'. Tues. 24 Jan. 8 p.m. Rev. Leo Bryll, 'The Chazan through the ages'. Wed. 25 Jan. 8 p.m. 'Operas by Jewish composers'. Adm. 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Nat Gonella – Personal Choice. Luis Russel by John Kendall, Wednesday, 25 Jan., 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

CND Film Society, St Marylebone, 8.00 last Thurs. of every month, St Mark's Parish Hall, Homer Row, Marylebone Rd. Documentary and animated films, Chaplin's 'The Immigrant', 'That Others May Live', Flaherty's 'Louisiana Story' etc. Details: 25 Cleveland Gardens, W2. AMB. 2882.

LABOUR'S Policy – What Next? Hear Ian Mikardo, Stephen Swingler, Jim Mortimer of VFS and Cllr Ron Spurway, Fred White of Clause Four Policy Campaign, 2 p.m. Sun. 22 January Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Marjorie McIntosh (LCC) on Comprehensive Schools. Kidbrooke House, 78 Shooters Hill Rd, 8 p.m. Fri. 27 Jan.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PAR. 7696. Fri. 20 Jan. 8 p.m. Dr A. Pyman (on return from research in USSR): 'Alexander Blok'. Fri. 27 Jan. 8 p.m., E. Pennell: 'Shops, schools in USSR'.

MAPAM Open Forum – Sat. 21 Jan. at 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6 – Mr S. S. Silverman, MP & Mr A. Schenker (USA), members of Mapam delegation, will report on the 25th Zionist Congress. All welcome.

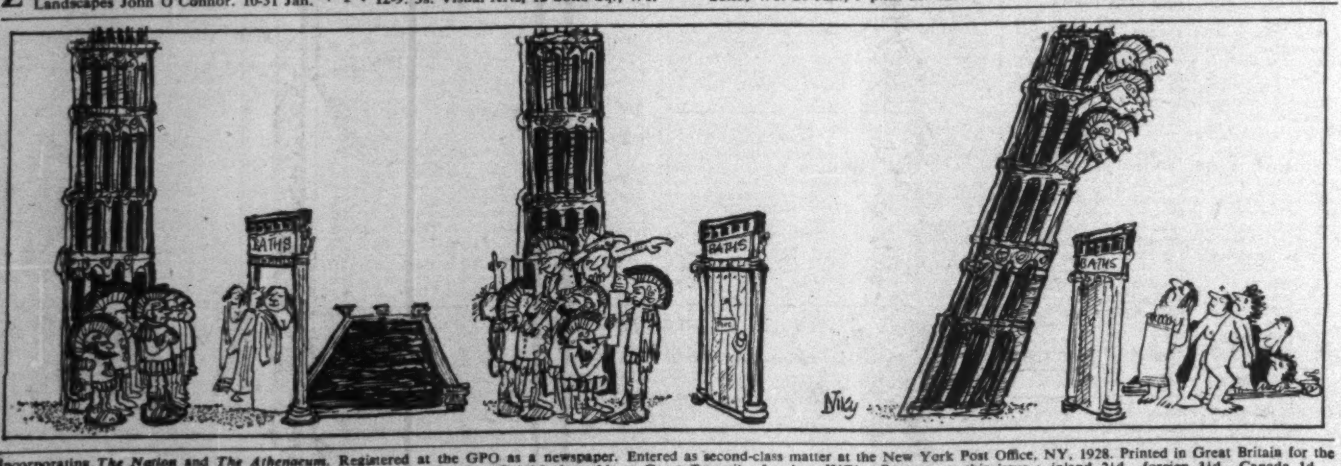
'MUSIC Hath Charms'. The New Jewish Society presents an evening of music, Wed. 25 Jan. 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 25 Jan. 6.30 p.m. A Buddhist Programme for 1961 by Mr R. Percheron. Also Sat. 28 Jan. at 3 p.m. Children's Class. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries TAT. 1313.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 22 Jan. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. L. A Pavitt, MP, 'Visit to Russia'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.119



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